THE

Conſcious Lovers,

A

COMEDY:

Written by

Sir RICHARD STEELE.

WITH ALTERATIONS,

As Performed at the THEATRES.

Illud Genus Narrationis, quod in Perſonis poſitum eſt, debet habere Sermonis Feſtivitatem, Animorum Diſſimilitudinem, Gravitatem, Lenitatem, Spem, Metum, Suſpicionem, Deſiderium, Diſſimulationem, Miſericordiam, Rerum Varietates, Fortunæ Commutationem, Inſperatum Incommodum, Subitam Lætitiam, Jucundum, Exitum Rerum. *Cic. Rhetor. ad Herenn. Lib.* I.

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MDCCLXVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 APR 65

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. *WELSTED.*

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS.*

TO win your Hearts, and to ſecure your Praiſe,
The Comic-Writers ſtrive by various Ways:
By ſubtil Stratagems they act their Game,
And leave untry'd no Avenue to Fame.
One writes the Spouſe a beating from his Wife;
And ſays, each Stroke was copy'd from the Life.
Some fix all Wit and Humour in Grimace,
And make a Livelihood of Pinkey's *Face:*
Here, One gay Shew and coſtly Habits tries,
Confiding to the Judgment of your Eyes:
Another ſmuts his Scene (a cunning Shaver)
Sure of the Rakes and of the Wenches Favour.
Oft' have theſe Arts prevail'd; and one may gueſs,
If practis'd o'er again, would find Succeſs.
But the bold Sage, the Poet of To-night,
By new and deſp'rate Rules reſolv'd to write;
Fain would he give more juſt Applauſes Riſe,
And pleaſe by Wit that ſcorns the Aids of Vice:
The Praiſe he ſeeks, from worthier Motives Springs,
Such Praiſe, as Praiſe to thoſe that give, it brings.
Your Aid, moſt humbly ſought, then Britons *lend,*
And Lib'ral Mirth, like Lib'ral Men, defend:
No more let Ribaldry, with Licence writ,
Uſurp the Name of Eloquence or Wit;
No more let lawleſs Farce uncenſur'd go,
The lewd dull Gleanings of a Smithfield *ſhow.*
'Tis yours, with Breeding to refine the Age,
To chaſten Wit, and moralize the Stage.
Ye Modeſt, Wiſe and Good, ye Fair, ye Brave,
To-night the Champion of your Virtues ſave,
Redeem from long Contempt the Comic Name,
And judge Politely for your Country's Fame.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir John Bevil,	*Mr.* Mills.
Mr. Sealand,	*Mr.* Williams.
Bevil *jun. in Love with* Indiana,	*Mr.* Booth.
Myrtle, *in Love with* Lucinda,	*Mr.* Wilks.
Cimberton, *a Coxcomb*,	*Mr.* Griffin.
Humphrey, *an old Servant to Sir* John,	*Mr.* Shepard.
Tom, *Servant to* Bevil *jun.*	*Mr.* Cibber.
Daniel, *a Country Boy, Servant to* Indiana,	*Mr.* Theo. Cibber.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Sealand, *ſecond Wife to* Sealand,	*Mrs.* Moore.
Iſabella, *Siſter to* Sealand,	*Mrs.* Thurmond.
Indiana, Sealand's *Daughter by his firſt Wife*,	*Mrs.* Oldfield.
Lucinda, Sealand's *Daughter by his ſecond Wife*,	*Mrs.* Booth.
Phillis, *Maid to* Lucinda,	*Mrs.* Younger.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

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THE

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir* John Bevil's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir John Bevil *and* Humphrey.

Sir JOHN BEVIL.

HAVE you order'd that I ſhould not be interrupted while I am dreſſing?

Humph. Yes, Sir; I believ'd you had ſomething of Moment to ſay to me.

Sir J. Bev. I'll tell thee then. In the firſt Place, this Wedding of my Son's, in all Probability, [ſhut the Door] will never be at all.

Humph. How, Sir! not at all? for what Reaſon is it carried on in Appearance?

Sir J. Bev. Honeſt *Humphrey*, have Patience; and I'll tell thee all in order. I have myſelf, in ſome Part of my Life, lived (indeed) with Freedom, but, I hope, without Reproach: Now, I thought Liberty would be as little injurious to my Son; therefore, as ſoon as he grew towards Man, I indulg'd him in living after his own Manner: I know not how, otherwiſe to judge of his Inclination; for what can be concluded from a Be-

haviour under Reſtraint and Fear? But what charms me above all Expreſſion is, that my Son has never, in the leaſt Action, the moſt diſtant Hint or Word, valued himſelf upon that great Eſtate of his Mother's, which, according to our Marriage Settlement, he has had ever ſince he came to Age.

Humph. No, Sir; on the contrary, he ſeems afraid of appearing to enjoy it, before you, or any belonging to you —— He is as dependant and reſign'd to your Will, as if he had not a Farthing but what muſt come from your immediate Bounty——You have ever acted like a good and generous Father, and he like an obedient and grateful Son.

Sir J. Bev. Nay, his Carriage is ſo eaſy to all, with whom he converſes, that he is never aſſuming, never prefers himſelf to others, nor ever is guilty of that rough Sincerity which a Man is not called to, and certainly diſobliges moſt of his Acquaintance; to be ſhort, *Humphrey*, his Reputation was ſo fair in the World, that old *Sealand*, the great *India* Merchant, has offer'd his only Daughter, and ſole Heireſs to that vaſt Eſtate of his, as a Wife for him; you may be ſure I made no Difficulties, the Match was agreed on, and this very Day named for the Wedding.

Humph. What hinders the Proceeding!

Sir J. Bev. Don't interrupt me. You know I was laſt *Thurſday* at the Maſquerade; my Son, you may remember, ſoon found us out —— He knew his Grandfather's Habit, which I then wore; and tho' it was the Mode, in the laſt Age, yet the Maſkers, you know, follow'd us as if we had been the moſt monſtrous Figures in that whole Aſſembly.

Humph. I remember indeed, a young Man of Quality in the Habit of a Clown, that was particularly troubleſome.

Sir J. Bev. Right—He was too much what he ſeem'd to be. You remember how impertinently he follow'd, and teized us, and wou'd know who we were.

Humph. I know he has a Mind to come into that Particular. [*Aſide.*



Sir

Sir J. Bev. Ay, he followed us, till the Gentleman who led the Lady in the *Indian* Mantle, preſented that gay Creature to the Ruſtick, and bid him (like *Cymon* in the Fable) grow polite, by falling in Love, and let that worthy old Gentleman alone, meaning me: The Clown was not reform'd, but rudely perſiſted, and offered to force off my Maſk; with that the Gentleman throwing off his own, appeared to be my Son, and in his Concern for me, tore off that of the Nobleman; at this they ſeized each other; the Company call'd the Guards; and in the Surprize, the Lady ſwoon'd away: Upon which my Son quitted his Adverſary, and had now no Care but of the Lady,———when raiſing her in his Arms, Art thou gone, cry'd he, for ever——forbid it, Heav'n!——She revives at his known Voice,——and with the moſt familiar tho' modeſt Geſture hangs in Safety over his Shoulders weeping, but wept as in the Arms of one, before whom ſhe could give herſelf a Looſe, were ſhe not under Obſervation; while ſhe hides her Face in his Neck, he carefully conveys her from the Company.

Humph. I have obſerved this Accident has dwelt upon you very ſtrongly.

Sir J. Bev. Her uncommon Air, her noble Modeſty, the Dignity of her Perſon, and the Occaſion itſelf, drew the whole Aſſembly together; and I ſoon heard it buzz'd about, ſhe was the adopted Daughter of a famous Sea-Officer, who had ſerved in *France*. Now this unexpected and publick Diſcovery of my Son's ſo deep Concern for her———

Humph. Was what, I ſuppoſe, alarm'd Mr. *Sealand*, in behalf of his Daughter, to break off the Match.

Sir J. Bev. You are right——He came to me Yeſterday, and ſaid, he thought himſelf diſengaged from the Bargain; being credibly informed my Son was already marry'd, or worſe to the Lady at the Maſquerade. I palliated Matters, and inſiſted on our Agreement; but we parted with little leſs than a direct Breach between us.

Humph. Well, Sir; and what Notice have you taken of all this to my young Maſter?

Sir J. Bev. That's what I wanted to debate with you ——I have ſaid nothing to him yet——But look you, *Humphrey*——if there is ſo much in this Amour of his, that he denies upon my Summons to marry, I have Cauſe enough to be offended; and then by my inſiſting upon his marrying To day, I ſhall know how far he is engag'd to this Lady in Maſquerade, and from thence only ſhall be able to take my Meaſures, in the mean Time I would have you find out how far that Rogue his Man is let into his Secret——He, I know, will play Tricks as much to croſs me, as to ſerve his Maſter.

Humph. Why do you think ſo of him, Sir? I believe he is no worſe than I was for you, at your Son's Age.

Sir J. Bev. I ſee it in the Raſcal's Looks. But I have dwelt on theſe Things too long; I'll go to my Son immediately, and while I'm gone, your part is to convince his Rogue *Tom* that I am in earneſt. I'll leave him to you. [*Exit Sir* John Bevil.

Humph. Well, tho' this Father and Son live as well together as poſſible, yet their Fear of giving each other Pain, is attended with conſtant mutual Uneaſineſs. I'm ſure I have enough to do to be honeſt, and yet keep well with them both: But they know I love 'em, and that makes the Taſk leſs painful however——Oh, here's the Prince of poor Coxcombs, the Repreſentative of all the better fed than taught.——Ho! ho! *Tom*, whither ſo gay and ſo airy this Morning?

Enter Tom, *Singing*.

Tom. Sir, we Servants of ſingle Gentlemen are another kind of People, than you domeſtick ordinary Drudges that do Buſineſs. We are rais'd above you: The Pleaſures of Board Wages, Tavern Dinners, and many a clear Gain; Vails, alas! you never heard or dreamt of.

Humph. Thou haſt Follies and Vices enough for a Man of Ten thouſand a Year, tho' 'tis but as t'other Day that I ſent for you to Town, to put you into Mr. *Sealand*'s Family, that you might learn a little before I put you to my young Maſter, who is too gentle for training ſuch a rude Thing as you were into proper Obedience——

You

You then pull'd off your Hat to every one you met in the Street, like a baſhful great aukward Cub as you were. But your great Oaken Cudgel, when you were a Booby, became you much better than that dangling Stick at your Button, now you are a Fop. That's fit for nothing, except it hangs there to be ready for your Maſter's Hand when you are impertinent.

Tom. Uncle *Humphrey*, you know my Maſter ſcorns to ſtrike his Servants. You talk as if the World was now, juſt as it was when my old Maſter and you were in your Youth——When you went to Dinner becauſe it was ſo much a Clock, when the great Blow was given in the Hall at the Pantry door, and all the Family came out of their Holes, in ſuch ſtrange Dreſſes and formal Faces, as you ſee in the Pictures in our long Gallery in the Country.

Humph. Why, you wild Rogue!

Tom. You could not fall to your Dinner till a formal Fellow, in a black Gown, ſaid ſomething over the Meat, as if the Cook had not made it ready enough.

Humph. Sirrah, who do you prate after?——Deſpiſing Men of ſacred Characters! I hope you never heard my good young Maſter talk ſo like a Profligate.

Tom. Sir, I ſay you put upon me, when I firſt came to Town, about being orderly, and the Doctrine of wearing Shams, to make Linen laſt clean a Fortnight, keeping my Clothes freſh, and wearing a Frock within Doors.

Humph. Sirrah, I gave you thoſe Leſſons becauſe I ſuppos'd, at that Time, your Maſter and you might have din'd at home every Day, and coſt you nothing; then you might have made a good Family Servant. But the Gang you have frequented ſince, at Chocolate-Houſes and Taverns, in a continual round of Noiſe and Extravagance——

Tom. I don't know what you heavy Inmates call Noiſe and Extravagance; but we Gentlemen, who are well fed, and cut a figure, Sir, think it a fine Life, and that we muſt be very pretty Fellows who are kept only to be looked at.

Humph.

Humph. Very well, Sir,——I hope the Faſhion of being lewd and extravagant, deſpiſing of Decency and Order, is almoſt at an End, ſince it is arrived at Perſons of your Quality.

Tom. Maſter *Humphrey*, Ha! ha! you were an unhappy Lad to be ſent up to Town in ſuch queer Days as you were: Why now, Sir, the Lacquies are the Men of Pleaſure of the Age; the Top Gameſters; and many a lac'd Coat about Town, have had their Education in our Party-colour'd Regiment,——We are falſe Lovers; have a Taſte of Muſick, Poetry, Billet-doux, Dreſs, Politicks; ruin Damſels; and when we are weary of this lewd Town, and have a mind to take up, whip into our Maſters Wigs and Linen, and marry Fortunes.

Humph. Hey day!

Tom. Nay, Sir, our Order is carry'd up to the higheſt Dignities and Diſtinctions; ſtep but into the *Painted Chamber*——and by our Titles you'd take us all for Men of Quality——then again come down to the *Court of Requeſts*, and you ſhall ſee us all laying our broken Heads together for the Good of the Nation: and tho' we never carry a Queſtion *Nemine Contradicente*, yet this I can ſay with a ſafe Conſcience, (and I wiſh every Gentleman of our Cloth could lay his Hand upon his Heart and ſay the ſame) that I never took ſo much as a ſingle Mug of Beer for my Vote in all my Life.

Humph. Sirrah, there is no enduring your Extravagance; I'll hear you prate no longer. I wanted to ſee you, to enquire how Things go with your Maſter, as far as you underſtand them; I ſuppoſe he knows he is to be married To-day.

Tom. Ay, Sir, he knows it, and is dreſs'd as gay as the Sun; but, between you and I, my Dear, he has a very heavy Heart under all that Gaiety. As ſoon as he was dreſs'd I retir'd, but overheard him Sigh in the moſt heavy Manner. He walk'd thoughtfully to and fro in the Room, then went into his Cloſet; when he came out, he gave me this for his Miſtreſs, whoſe Maid you know——

Humph.

Humph. Is paſſionately fond of your fine Perſon.

Tom. The poor Fool is ſo tender, and loves to hear me talk of the World, and the Plays, Opera's, and *Ridotto's*, for the Winter; the Parks and *Bellſize*, for our Summer Diverſions; and Lard! ſays ſhe, you are ſo wild——— but you have a world of Humour.

Humph. Coxcomb! Well, but why don't you run with your Maſter's Letter to Mrs. *Lucinda*, as he order'd you?

Tom. Becauſe Mrs. *Lucinda* is not ſo eaſily come at as you think for.

Humph. Not eaſily come at? Why, Sirrah, are not her Father and my old Maſter agreed that ſhe and Mr. *Bevil* are to be one Fleſh before To-morrow Morning?

Tom. Its no Matter for that: her Mother, it ſeems, Mrs. *Sealand*, has not agreed to it: and you muſt know, Mr. *Humphrey*, that in that Family the grey Mare is the better Horſe.

Humph. What doſt thou mean?

Tom. In one Word, Mrs. *Sealand* pretends to have a Will of her own, and has provided a Relation of hers, a ſtiff, ſtarch'd Philoſopher, and a wiſe Fool, for her Daughter; for which Reaſon, for theſe ten Days paſt, ſhe has ſuffer'd no Meſſage nor Letter from my Maſter to come near her.

Humph. And where had you this Intelligence?

Tom. From a fooliſh fond Soul that can keep nothing from me——One that will deliver this Letter too, if ſhe is rightly manag'd.

Humph. What! her pretty Hand-maid, Mrs. *Phillis?*

Tom. Even ſhe, Sir; this is the very Hour, you know ſhe uſually comes hither, under a Pretence of a Viſit to our Houſe-keeper forſooth, but in reality to have a Glance at———

Humph. Your ſweet Face, I warrant you.

Tom. Nothing elſe in Nature; you muſt know, I love to fret, and play with the little Wanton.———

Humph. Play with the little Wanton! What will this World come to!

Tom. I met her this morning, in a new Manteau and Petticoat, not a bit the worſe for her Lady's wearing; and

and ſhe has always new Thoughts and new Airs with new Clothes——then ſhe never fails to ſteal ſome Glance or Geſture from every Viſitant at their Houſe; and is indeed the whole Town of Coquettes at ſecond Hand. But here ſhe comes; in one Motion ſhe ſpeaks and deſcribes herſelf better than all the Words in the World can.

Humph. Then I hope, dear Sir, when your own Affair is over, you will be ſo good as to mind your Maſter's with her.

Tom. Dear *Humphrey*, you know my Maſter is my Friend, and thoſe are People I never forget.——

Humph. Saucineſs itſelf! but I'll leave you to do your beſt for him. [*Exit.*

Enter Phillis.

Phil. Oh, Mr. *Thomas*, is Mrs. *Sugar-key* at home? —Lard, one is almoſt aſham'd to paſs along the Streets. The Town is quite empty, and no body of Faſhion left in it; and the ordinary People do ſo ſtare to ſee any Thing (dreſs'd like a Woman of Condition) paſs by. Alas! Alas! it is a ſad Thing to walk. O Fortune! Fortune!

Tom. What! a ſad Thing to walk? Why, Madam *Phillis*, do you wiſh yourſelf lame?

Phil. No, Mr. *Thomas*, but I wiſh I were generally carry'd in a Coach or Chair, and of a Fortune neither to ſtand nor go, but to totter, or ſlide, to be ſhort-ſighted, or ſtare, to fleer in the Face, to look diſtant, to obſerve, to overlook, yet all become me; and, if I was rich, I could twire and loll as well as the beſt of them. Oh, *Tom! Tom!* is it not a pity that you ſhould be ſo great a Coxcomb, and I ſo great a Coquette, and yet be ſuch poor Devils as we are?

Tom. Mrs. *Phillis*, I am your humble Servant for that——

Phil. Yes, Mr. *Thomas*, I know how much you are my humble Servant, and know what you ſaid to Mrs. *Judy*, upon ſeeing her in one of her Lady's Caſt Manteaus; That any one would have thought her the Lady, and that ſhe had ordered the other to wear it till it ſat eaſy—for now

now only it was becoming;—To my Lady it was only a Covering, to Mrs. *Judy* it was a Habit. This you ſaid after ſome Body or other. Oh, *Tom! Tom!* thou art as falſe and as baſe, as the beſt Gentleman of them all; but, you Wretch, talk to me no more on the old odious Subject. Don't, I ſay.

Tom. I know not how to reſiſt your Commands, Madam. [*In a ſubmiſſive Tone, retiring.*

Phil. Commands about parting are grown mighty eaſy to you of late.

Tom. O, I have her; I have nettled and put her into the right Temper to be wrought upon, and ſet a prating. [*Aſide.*]—Why truly, to be plain with you, Mrs. *Phillis*, I can take little Comfort of late in frequenting your Houſe.

Phil. Pray, Mr. *Thomas*, what is it all of a ſudden offends your Nicety at our Houſe?

Tom. I don't care to ſpeak Particulars, but I diſlike the Whole.

Phil. I thank you, Sir, I am a Part of that Whole.

Tom. Miſtake me not, good *Phillis*.

Phil. Good *Phillis!* Saucy enough. But however—

Tom. I ſay, it is, that thou art a Part, which gives me Pain for the Diſpoſition of the Whole. You muſt know, Madam, to be ſerious, I am a Man, at the Bottom, of prodigious nice Honour. You are too much expos'd to Company at your Houſe. To be plain, I don't like ſo many, that would be your Miſtreſs's Lovers, whiſpering to you.

Phil. Don't think to put that upon me. You ſay this becauſe I wrung you to the Heart, when I touch'd your guilty Conſcience about *Judy*.

Tom. Ah *Phillis! Phillis!* if you but knew my Heart!

Phil. I know too much on't.

Tom. Nay then poor *Criſpo*'s Fate and mine are one—Therefore give me Leave to ſay, or ſing at leaſt, as he does upon the ſame Occaſion——

[*Se vedette*, &c. [*ſings.*]

Phil. What, do you think I'm to be fobb'd off with a Song?

Song? I don't queſtion but you have ſung the ſame to Mrs. *Judy* too.

Tom. Don't diſparage your Charms, good *Phillis*, with Jealouſy of ſo worthleſs an Object; beſides, ſhe is a poor Huſſy, and if you doubt the Sincerity of my Love, you will allow me true to my Intereſt. You are a Fortune, *Phillis*——

Phil. What would the Fop be at now? In good Time indeed, you ſhall be ſetting up for a Fortune!

Tom. Dear Mrs. *Phillis*, you have ſuch a Spirit that we ſhall never be dull in Marriage, when we come together. But I tell you, you are a Fortune, and you have an Eſtate in my Hands. [*He pulls out a Purſe, ſhe eyes it.*

Phil. What Pretence have I to what is in your Hands, Mr. *Thomas?*

Tom. As thus: there are Hours, you know, when a Lady is neither pleas'd nor diſpleas'd, neither ſick or well, when ſhe lolls or loiters, when ſhe is without Deſires, from having more of every Thing than ſhe knows what to do with.

Phil. Well, what then?

Tom. When ſhe has not Life enough to keep her bright Eyes quite open to look at her own dear Image in the Glaſs.

Phil. Explain thyſelf, and don't be ſo fond of thy own prating.

Tom. There are alſo proſperous and good-natured Moments, as when a Knot or a Patch is happily fix'd; when the Complexion particularly flouriſhes.

Phil. Well, what then? I have not Patience!

Tom. Why then——or on the like Occaſions——we Servants who have Skill to know how to time Buſineſs, ſee when ſuch a pretty folded Thing as this [*ſhews a Letter*] may be preſented, laid, or dropp'd, as beſt ſuits the preſent Humour. And, Madam, becauſe it is a long weariſome Journey to run through all the ſeveral Stages of a Lady's Temper, my Maſter, who is the moſt reaſonable Man in the World, preſents you this to bear your Charges on the Road. [*Gives her the Purſe.*

Phil. Now you think me a corrupt Huſſey.

Tom.

Tom. Oh fy, I only think you'll take the Letter.

Phil. Nay, I know you do, but I know my own Innocence; I take it for my Miſtreſs's Sake.

Tom. I know it my pretty one, I know it.

Phil. Yes, I ſay I do it becauſe I would not have my Miſtreſs deluded by one who gives no Proof of his Paſſion: but I'll talk more of this, as you ſee me on my Way home——No, *Tom*, I aſſure thee; I take this Traſh of thy Maſter's not for the Value of the Thing, but as it convinces me he has a true Reſpect for my Miſtreſs. I remember a Verſe to the Purpoſe.

They may be falſe who languiſh and complain,
But they who part with Money never feign. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Bevil *junior's Lodgings.*

Bevil *junior*, *reading.*

Bev. jun. Theſe moral Writers practiſe Virtue after Death: This charming Viſion of *Mirza!* ſuch an Author conſulted in a Morning, ſets the Spirits for the Viciſſitudes of the Day, better than the Glaſs does a Man's Perſon; but what a Day have I to go thro'! to put on an eaſy Look with an aking Heart.—If this Lady my Father urges me to marry ſhould not refuſe me, my Dilemma is unſupportable. But why ſhould I fear it? is not ſhe in equal Diſtreſs with me? has not the Letter I have ſent her this Morning, confeſt my Inclination to another? Nay, have I not moral Aſſurances of her Engagements too, to my Friend *Myrtle?* It's impoſſible but ſhe muſt give in to it: For, ſure to be deny'd is a Favour any Man may pretend to. It muſt be ſo—Well then, with the Aſſurance of being rejected, I think I may confidently ſay to my Father, I am ready to marry her—Then let me reſolve upon (what I am not very good at, tho' it is) an honeſt Diſſimulation.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir *John Bevil*, Sir, is in the next Room.

Bev.

Bev. jun. Dunce! why did you not bring him in?

Tom. I told him, Sir, you were in your Closet.

Bev. jun. I thought you had known, Sir, it was my Duty to see my Father any where.

[*Going himself to the Door.*

Tom. The Devil's in my Master! he has always more Wit than I have. [*Aside.*

Bevil *jun. introducing Sir* John.

Bev. jun. Sir, you are the most gallant, the most complaisant of all Parents—Sure 'tis not a Compliment to say these Lodgings are yours———Why wou'd you not walk in, Sir?

Sir J. Bev. I was loth to interrupt you unseasonably on your Wedding-day.

Bev. jun. One to whom I am beholden for my Birth-day, might have used less Ceremony.

Sir J. Bev. Well, Son, I have Intelligence you have writ to your Mistress this Morning: It would please my Curiosity to know the Contents of a Wedding-day Letter; for Courtship must then be over.

Bev. jun. I assure you, Sir, there was no Insolence in it, upon the Prospect of such a vast Fortune's being added to our Family; but much Acknowledgment of the Lady's greater Desert.

Sir J. Bev. But, dear *Jack*, are you in earnest in all this! And will you really marry her!

Bev. jun. Sir, If the Lady is dress'd and ready, you see I am. I suppose the Lawyers are ready too.

Enter Humphrey.

Humph. Sir, Mr. *Sealand* is at the Coffee-house, and has sent to speak with you.

Sir J. Bev. Oh! that's well! Then I warrant the Lawyers are ready, Son, you'll be in the Way, you say—

Bev. jun. If you please, Sir, I'll take a Chair and go to Mr. *Sealand*'s, where the young Lady and I will wait your Leisure.

Sir J. Bev. By no Means———The old Fellow will be so vain, if he sees——

Bev.

Bev. jun. Ay ——But the young Lady, Sir, will think me ſo indifferent——

Humph. Ay——there you are right——preſs your Readineſs to go to the Bride——he won't let you.

[*Aſide to* Bevil *jun.*

Bev. jun. Are you ſure of that? [*Aſide to* Humph.

Humph. How he likes being prevented. [*Aſide.*

Sir J. Bev. No, no: You are an Hour or two too early. Beſides, this *Sealand* is a moody old Fellow: There's no dealing with ſome People, but by managing with Indifference. We muſt leave to him the Conduct of this Day. It is the laſt of his commanding his Daughter.

Bev. jun. Sir, he can't take it ill, that I am impatient to be hers.

Sir J. Bev. Pray let me govern in this matter: you can't tell how humourſome old Fellows are: —— There's no offering Reaſon to ſome of 'em, eſpecially when they are rich——If my Son ſhould ſee him, before I've brought old *Sealand* into better Temper, the Match would be impracticable. [*Aſide.*

Humph. Pray, Sir, let me beg you to let Mr. *Bevil* go.——See whether he will or not. [*Aſide to Sir* John. ——[*Then to* Bev.] Pray, Sir, command yourſelf; ſince you ſee my Maſter is poſitive, it is better you ſhould not go.

Sir J. Bev. So! I muſt even leave Things as I found them: and in the mean Time, at leaſt, keep old *Sealand* out of his Sight.——Well, Son, I'll go myſelf and take Orders in your Affair——You'll be in the Way, I ſuppoſe, if I ſend to you——I'll leave your old Friend with you——*Humphrey*——don't let him ſtir, d'ye hear: Your Servant, your Servant. [*Exit Sir* John.

Humph. I have a ſad Time on't, Sir, between you and my Maſter——I ſee you are unwilling, and I know his violent Inclinations for the Match——I muſt betray neither, and yet deceive you both, for your common Good——Heav'n grant a good End of this Matter; But there is a Lady, Sir, that gives your Father much Trouble and Sorrow——You'll pardon me.

Bev.

Bev. jun. *Humphrey*, I know thou art a Friend to both; and in that Confidence, I dare tell thee——That Lady——is a Woman of Honour and Virtue. You may assure yourself, I never will marry without my Father's Consent: But give me Leave to say too, this Declaration does not come up to a Promise, that I will take whomsoever he pleases.

Humph. My dear Master, were I but worthy to know this Secret, that so near concerns you, my Life, my all, should be engag'd to serve you. This, Sir, I dare promise, that I am sure I will, and can be secret. your Trust, at worst, but leaves you where you were; and if I cannot serve you, I will at once be plain, and tell you so.

Bev. jun. That's all I ask: Thou hast made it now my Interest to trust thee——Be patient then, and hear the Story of my Heart.

Humph. I am all Attention, Sir.

Bev jun. You may remember, *Humphrey*, that in my last Travels, my Father grew uneasy at my making so long a Stay at *Toulon*.

Humph. I remember it; he was apprehensive some Woman had laid hold of you.

Bev. jun. His fears were just; for there I first saw this Lady: She is of *English* Birth: Her Father's Name was *Danvers*, a younger Brother of an ancient Family, and originally an eminent merchant of *Bristol*; who upon repeated Misfortunes, was reduced to go privately to the *Indies*. In this Retreat Providence again grew favourable to his Industry, and, in six Years Time, restored him to his former Fortunes: On this he sent Directions over, that his Wife and little Family should follow him to the *Indies*. His Wife, impatient to obey such welcome Orders, would not wait the Leisure of a Convoy, but took the first Occasion of a single Ship, and with her Husband's Sister only, and this Daughter, then scarce seven Years old, undertook the fatal Voyage. For here, poor Creature, she lost her Liberty, and Life; she, and her Family, with all they had, were unfortunately taken by a Privateer from *Toulon*. Being thus made a Prisoner though,

though, as such, not ill-treated, yet the Fright, the Shock, and the cruel Disappointment, seiz'd with such Violence upon her unhealthy Frame, she sicken'd, pined and died at Sea.

Humph. Poor Soul! O the helpless Infant?

Bev. jun. Her Sister yet surviv'd, and had the Care of her: The Captain too proved to have Humanity, and became a Father to her; for having himself married an *English* Woman, and being childless, he brought home, into *Toulon*, this her little Country-woman; presenting her, with all her dead Mother's Moveables of Value to his Wife, to be educated as his own adopted Daughter.

Humph. Fortune here seem'd, again, to smile on her.

Bev. jun. Only to make her Frowns more terrible: For in his Height of Fortune, this Captain too, her Benefactor, unfortunately was kill'd at Sea, and dying intestate, his Estate fell wholly to an Advocate, his Brother, who coming soon to take Possession, there found (among his other Riches) this blooming Virgin, at his Mercy.

Humph. He durst not sure abuse his Power!

Bev. jun. No wonder if his pamper'd Blood was fired at the Sight of her——in short, he lov'd: but when all Arts and gentle Means had fail'd to move, he offer'd too his Menaces in vain, denouncing Vengeance on her Cruelty; demanding her to account for all her Maintenance, from her Childhood; seiz'd on her little Fortune, as his own Inheritance, and was dragging her by Violence to Prison; when Providence, at the Instant interpos'd, and sent me, by Miracle, to relieve her.

Humph. 'Twas Providence indeed: But pray, Sir, after all this Trouble, how came this Lady at last to *England?*

Bev. jun. The disappointed Advocate, finding she had so unexpected a Support, on cooler Thoughts, descended to a Composition; which I, without her Knowledge, secretly discharg'd.

Humph. That generous Concealment made the Obligation double.

Bev.

Bev. jun. Having thus obtain'd her Liberty, I prevail'd, not without ſome Difficulty, to ſee her ſafe to *England*; where we no ſooner arrived, but my Father, jealous of my being imprudently engaged, immediately propoſed this other fatal Match that hangs upon my Quiet.

Humph. I find, Sir, you are irrecoverably fix'd upon this Lady.

Bev. jun. As my vital Life dwells in my Heart—— and yet you ſee—what I do to pleaſe my Father: Walk in this Pageantry of Dreſs, this ſplendid Covering of Sorrow——But, *Humphrey*, you have your Leſſon.

Humph. Now, Sir, I have but one material Queſtion——

Bev. jun. Aſk it freely.

Humph. Is it, then, your own Paſſion for this ſecret Lady, or hers for you, that gives you this Averſion to the Match your Father has propoſed you?

Bev. jun. I ſhall appear, *Humphrey*, more romantick in my Anſwer, than in all the reſt of my Story: For tho' I dote on her to death, and have no little Reaſon to believe ſhe has the ſame Thoughts for me; yet in all my Acquaintance, and utmoſt Privacies with her, I never once directly told her, that I loved.

Humph. How was it poſſible to avoid it?

Bev. jun. My tender Obligations to my Father have laid ſo inviolable a Reſtraint upon my Conduct, that 'till I have his Conſent to ſpeak, I am determin'd, on that Subject, to be dumb for ever——

Humph. Well, Sir, to your Praiſe be it ſpoken, you are certainly the moſt unfaſhionable Lover in *Great Britain*.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir, Mr. *Myrtle*'s at the next Door, and if you are at Leiſure, will be glad to wait on you.

Bev. jun. Whenever he pleaſes——hold, *Tom!* did you receive no Anſwer to my Letter?

Tom. Sir, I was deſir'd to call again; for I was told, her Mother would not let her be out of her Sight; but about an Hour hence, Mrs. *Phillis* ſaid, I ſhould have one.

Bev. jun. Very well.

Humph.

Humph. Sir, I will take another Opportunity; in the mean Time, I only think it proper to tell you, that from a Secret I know, you may appear to your Father as forward as you pleaſe, to marry *Lucinda*, without the leaſt Hazard of its coming to a Concluſion——Sir, your moſt obedient Servant.

Bev. jun. Honeſt *Humphrey*, continue but my Friend, in this Exigence, and you ſhall always find me yours.

[*Exit* Humph.

I long to hear how my Letter has ſucceeded with *Lucinda*.——Poor *Myrtle*, what Terrors muſt he be in all this while?——Since he knows ſhe is offer'd to me, and refuſed to him, there is no converſing, or taking any Meaſures with him, for his own Service.——But I ought to bear with my Friend, and uſe him as one in Adverſity;

All his Diſquietudes by my own I prove,
The greateſt Grief's Perplexity in Love. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Continues.*

Enter Bevil *jun. and* Tom.

Tom. SIR, Mr. *Myrtle.*

Bev. jun. Very well,——do you ſtep again, and wait for an Anſwer to my Letter.

Enter Myrtle.

Bev. jun. Well, *Charles*, why ſo much Care in thy Countenance? Is there any Thing in the World deſerves it? You, who uſed to be ſo gay, ſo open, ſo vacant!

Myrt. I think we have of late chang'd Complexions. You, who us'd to be much the graver Man, are now all Air in your Behaviour——But the Cauſe of my Concern, may, for ought I know, be the ſame Object

that gives you all this Satisfaction. In a Word, I am told that you are this very Day (and your Dreſs confirms me in it) to be married to *Lucinda*.

Bev. jun. You are not miſinform'd——Nay, put not on the Terrors of a Rival, 'till you hear me out, I ſhall diſoblige the beſt of Fathers, if I don't ſeem ready to marry *Lucinda*; and you know I have ever told you, you might make Uſe of my ſecret Reſolution, never to marry her, for your own Service, as you pleaſe. But I am now driven to the Extremity of immediately refuſing, or complying, unleſs you help me to eſcape the Match.

Myrt. Eſcape? Sir, neither her Merit, nor her Fortune are below your Acceptance.——Eſcaping, do you call it!

Bev. jun. Dear Sir, do you wiſh I ſhould deſire the Match?

Myrt. No——but ſuch is my humorous and ſickly State of Mind, ſince it has been able to reliſh nothing but *Lucinda*, that tho' I muſt owe my Happineſs to your Averſion to this Marriage, I can't bear to hear her ſpoken of with Levity or Unconcern.

Bev. jun. Pardon me, Sir; I ſhall tranſgreſs that Way no more. She has Underſtanding, Beauty, Shape, Complexion, Wit——

Myrt. Nay, dear *Bevil*, don't ſpeak of her as if you lov'd her, neither.

Bev. jun. Why then, to give you Eaſe at once, tho' I allow *Lucinda* to have good Senſe, Wit, Beauty, and Virtue; I know another, in whom theſe Qualities appear to me more amiable, than in her.

Myrt. There you ſpoke like a reaſonable and good-natur'd Friend. When you acknowledge her Merit, and own your Prepoſſeſſion for another, at once you gratify my Fondneſs, and cure my Jealouſy.

Bev. jun. But all this while you take no Notice, you have no Apprehenſion of another Man, that has twice the Fortune of either of us.

Myrt. Cimberton! Hang him, a formal, philoſophical, pedantick Coxcomb——For the Sot, with all theſe crude

crude Notions of divers Things, under the Direction of great Vanity, and very little Judgment, ſhews his ſtrongeſt Bias is Avarice; which is ſo predominant in him, that he will examine the Limbs of his Miſtreſs with the Caution of a Jockey, and pays no more Compliment to her perſonal Charms, than if ſhe were a mere breeding Animal.

Bev. jun. Are you ſure that is not affected? I have known ſome Women ſooner ſet on Fire by that Sort of Negligence, than by——

Myrt. No, no; hang him, the Rogue has no Art, it is pure ſimple Indolence and Stupidity.

Bev. jun. Yet with all this, I don't take him for a Fool.

Myrt. I own the Man is not a Natural; he has a very quick Senſe, tho' very ſlow Underſtanding.——He ſays, indeed, many Things, that want only the Circumſtances of Time and Place, to be very juſt and agreeable.

Bev. jun. Well, you may be ſure of me, if you can diſappoint him; but my Intelligence ſays, the Mother has actually ſent for the Conveyancer, to draw Articles for his Marriage with *Lucinda*; tho' thoſe for mine with her, are, by her Father's Order, ready for ſigning, but it ſeems ſhe has not thought fit to conſult either him or his Daughter in the Matter.

Myrt. Pſhaw! A poor troubleſome Woman——Neither *Lucinda*, nor her Father, will ever be brought to comply with it,——beſides, I am ſure, *Cimberton* can make no Settlement upon her, without the Concurrence of his great Uncle Sir *Geoffry*, in the Weſt.

Bev. jun. Well, Sir, and I can tell you, that's the very Point that is now laid before her Counſel; to know whether a firm Settlement can be made, without this Uncle's actually joining in it.——Now pray conſider, Sir, when my Affair with *Lucinda* comes, as it ſoon muſt, to an open Rupture, how are you ſure that *Cimberton*'s Fortune may not then tempt her Father, too, to hear his Propoſals.

Myrt. There you are right indeed, that muſt be provided againſt——Do you know who are her Counſel?

Bev. jun. Yes, for your Service I have found out that too, they are Serjeant *Bramble* and Old *Target* ——— by the Way, they are neither of 'em known in the Family; now I was thinking, why you might not put a couple of falſe Counſel upon her, to delay and confound Matters a little——beſides, it may probably let you into the Bottom of her whole Deſign againſt you.

Myrt. As how, pray?

Bev. jun. Why, can't you ſlip on a black Wig and a Gown, and be Old *Bramble* yourſelf?

Myrt. Ha! I don't diſlike it——but what ſhall I do for a Brother in the Caſe?

Bev. jun. What think you of my Fellow, *Tom?* the Rogue's intelligent, and is a good Mimick; all his Part will be but to ſtutter heartily, for that's Old *Target*'s Caſe—the Conduct of the Scene will chiefly lie upon you.

Myrt. I like it of all Things; if you'll ſend *Tom* to my Chambers, I will give him full Inſtructions: This will certainly give me Occaſion to raiſe Difficulties, to puzzle, or confound her Project for a while, at leaſt.

Bev. jun. I'll warrant you Succeſs; ſo far we are right then: and now, *Charles*, your Apprehenſion of my marrying her, is all you have to get over.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil!* tho' I know you are my Friend, yet when I abſtract myſelf from my own Intereſt in the Thing, I know no Objection ſhe can make to you, or you to her, and therefore hope———

Bev. jun. Dear *Myrtle*, I am as much obliged to you for the Cauſe of your Suſpicion, as I am offended at the Effect: But be aſſured, I am taking Meaſures for your certain Security, and that all Things with regard to me will end in your entire Satisfaction.

Myrt. Well, I'll promiſe you to be as eaſy and as confident as I can; tho' I cannot but remember that I have more than Life at Stake on your Fidelity. [*Going.*

Bev. jun. Then depend upon it, you have no Chance againſt you.

Myrt. Nay, no Ceremony, you know I muſt be going. [*Exit* Myrtle.

Bev. jun. Well! this is another Inſtance of the Perplexities

plexities which arise too, in faithful Friendship: But all this while poor *Indiana* is tortured with the Doubt of me! I'll take this Opportunity to visit her; for tho' the religious Vow I have made to my Father, restrains me from ever marrying without his Approbation, yet that confines me not from seeing a virtuous Woman, that is the pure Delight of my Eyes, and the guiltless Joy of my Heart: But the best Condition of Human Life is but a gentle Misery.

To hope for perfect Happiness is vain,
And Love has ever its Allays of Pain. [*Exit.*

Enter Isabella, *and* Indiana *in her own Lodgings.*

Isab. Yes——I say 'tis Artifice, dear Child; I say to thee, again and again, 'tis all Skill and Management.

Ind. Will you persuade me there can be an ill Design, in supporting me in the Condition of a Woman of Quality? attended, dress'd, and lodg'd like one, in my Appearance abroad, and my Furniture at home, every Way in the most sumptuous Manner, and he that does it has an Artifice, a Design in it?

Isab. Yes, Yes.

Ind. And all this without so much as explaining to me, that all about me comes from him!

Isab. Ay, ay,——the more for that——that keeps the Title to all you have the more in him!

Ind. The more in Him!—He scorns the Thought—

Isab. Then He——He——He——

Ind. Well, be not so eager———If he is an ill Man, let us look into his Stratagems. Here is another of them. [*Shewing a Letter*] Here's two hundred and fifty Pound in Bank-Notes, with these Words, 'To pay 'for the Set of Dressing-plate, which will be brought 'home To-morrow.' Why, dear Aunt, now here's another Piece of Skill for you, which I own I cannot comprehend—and it is with a bleeding Heart I hear you say any Thing to the Disadvantage of Mr. *Bevil.* When he is present, I look upon him as one to whom I owe my Life, and the Support of it: Then again, as the Man who loves me with Sincerity and Honour. When

his Eyes are caſt another Way, and I dare ſurvey him, my Heart is painfully divided between Shame and Love——Heigh! ho!

Iſab. Heigh! ho! indeed. It is better to ſay ſo, as you are now, than as many others are. There are among the Deſtroyers of Women, the gentle, the generous, the mild, the affable, the humble, who all, ſoon after their Succeſs in their Deſigns, turn to the contrary of thoſe Characters. I will own to you, Mr. *Bevil* carries his Hypocriſy the beſt of any Man living, but ſtill he is a Man, and therefore a Hypocrite. They embrace without Love; they make Vows without Conſcience of Obligation; they are Partners, nay, Seducers to the Crime, wherein they pretend to be leſs guilty.

Ind. That's truly obſerved. [*Aſide.*
But what's all this to *Bevil?*

Iſab. This is to *Bevil,* and all Mankind. Won't you be on your Guard againſt thoſe who would betray you? Won't you doubt thoſe who would contemn you for believing 'em? Such is the World,——and ſuch (ſince the Behaviour of one Man to my ſelf) have I believ'd all the reſt of the Sex. [*Aſide.*

Ind. I will not doubt the Truth of *Bevil,* I will not doubt it: He has not ſpoken it by an Organ that is given to lying: His Eyes are all that have ever told me that he was mine: I know his Virtue, I know his filial Piety, and ought to truſt his Management with a Father, to whom he has uncommon Obligations. What have I to be concern'd for? my Leſſon is very ſhort. If he takes me for ever, my Purpoſe of Life is only to pleaſe him. If he leaves me (which Heaven avert) I know he'll do it nobly; and I ſhall have nothing to do but to learn to die, after worſe than Death has happen'd to me.

Iſab. Ay, do, perſiſt in your Credulity! flatter your-ſelf that a Man of his Figure and Fortune will make himſelf the Jeſt of the Town, and marry a handſome Beggar for Love.

Ind. The Town! I muſt tell you, Madam, the Fools that laugh at Mr. *Bevil,* will but make themſelves more ridiculous;

ridiculous; his Actions are the Reſult of thinking, and he has Senſe enough to make even Virtue faſhionable.

Iſab. Come, come; if he were the honeſt Fool you take him for, why has he kept you here theſe three Weeks, without ſending you to *Briſtol?* in ſearch of your Father, your Family, and your Relations?

Ind. I am convinc'd he ſtill deſigns it: Beſides, has he not writ to *Briſtol?* and has not he Advice that my Father has not been heard of there, almoſt theſe twenty Years?

Iſab. All Sham, mere Evaſion; he is afraid, if he ſhould carry you thither, your honeſt Relations may take you out of his Hands, and ſo blow up all his wicked Hopes at once.

Ind. Wicked Hopes! did I ever give him any ſuch;

Iſab. Has he ever given you any honeſt ones? Can you ſay, in your Conſcience he has ever once offer'd to marry you?

Ind. No! but by his Behaviour I am convinc'd he will offer it, the Moment 'tis in his Power, or conſiſtent with his Honour, to make ſuch a Promiſe good to me.

Iſab. His Honour!

Ind. I will rely upon it; therefore deſire you will not make my Life uneaſy by theſe ungrateful Jealouſies of one, to whom I am, and wiſh to be oblig'd: For from his Integrity alone, I have reſolv'd to hope for Happineſs.

Iſab. Nay, I have done my Duty; if you won't ſee, at your Peril be it.——

Ind. Let it be—This is his Hour of viſiting me. [*Apart.* All the reſt of my Life is but waiting 'till he comes: I live only when I'm with him. [*Exit.*

Iſab. Well, go thy Ways, thou wilful Innocent! I once had almoſt as much Love for a Man, who poorly left me, to marry an Eſtate——And I am now, againſt my Will, what they call an Old Maid——but I will not let the Peeviſhneſs of that Condition grow upon me——only keep up the Suſpicion of it, to prevent this Creature's being any other than a Virgin, except upon proper Terms. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Indiana *ſpeaking to a Servant.*

Ind. Deſire Mr. *Bevil* to walk in——Deſign! impoſſible! A baſe deſigning Mind could never think of what he hourly puts in Practice——And yet, ſince the late Rumour of his Marriage, he ſeems more reſerv'd than formerly——he ſends in too, before he ſees me, to know if I am at leiſure——ſuch new Reſpect may cover Coldneſs in the Heart—it certainly makes me thoughtful——I'll know the worſt at once; I'll lay ſuch fair Occaſions in his Way, that it ſhall be impoſſible to avoid an Explanation——for theſe Doubts are inſupportable! ——But ſee! he comes, and clears them all.

Enter Bevil *jun.*

Bev. jun. Madam, your moſt obedient——I am afraid I broke in upon your Reſt laſt Night——'twas very late before we parted; but 'twas your own Fault; I never ſaw you in ſuch agreeable Humour.

Ind. I am extremely glad we were both pleas'd; for I thought I never ſaw you better Company.

Bev. jun. Me, Madam! you rally: I ſaid very little.

Ind. But, I am afraid, you heard me ſay a great deal; and when a Woman is in the talking Vein, the moſt agreeable Thing a Man can do, you know, is to have Patience, to hear her.

Bev. jun. Then it's pity, Madam, you ſhould ever be ſilent, that we might be always agreeable, to one another.

Ind. If I had your Talent, or Power, to make my Actions ſpeak for me, I might indeed be ſilent, and yet pretend to ſomething more than the agreeable.

Bev jun. If I might be vain of any Thing in my Power, Madam, it is that my Underſtanding, from all your Sex, has mark'd you out as the moſt deſerving Object of my Eſteem.

Ind. Should I think I deſerve this, it were enough to make my Vanity forfeit the very Eſteem you offer me.

Bev jun. How ſo, Madam?

Ind. Becauſe Eſteem is the Reſult of Reaſon, and to deſerve it from good Senſe, the Height of human Glory.

——Nay,

—Nay, I had rather a Man of Honour ſhould pay me that, than all the Homage of a ſincere and human Love.

Bev. jun. You certainly diſtinguiſh right Madam; Love often kindles from external Merit only———

Ind. But Eſteem riſes from a higher Source, the Merit of the Soul———

Bev. jun. True—And great Souls only can deſerve it. [*Bowing reſpectfully.*

Ind. Now I think they are greater ſtill, that can ſo charitably part with it.

Bev. jun. Now, Madam, you make me vain, ſince the utmoſt Pride and Pleaſure of my Life is, that I eſteem you——as I ought.

Ind. [*Aſide.*] As he ought! ſtill more perplexing! he neither ſaves nor kills my Hope.

Bev. jun. But, Madam, we grow grave, methinks—Let's find ſome other Subject——Pray how did you like the Opera laſt Night.

Ind. Firſt give me Leave to thank you for my Tickets.

Bev. jun. O! your Servant, Madam——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Signior *Carbonelli* ſays he waits your Commands, in the next Room.

Bev. jun. A propos! you were ſaying Yeſterday, Madam, you had a Mind to hear him——will you give him Leave to entertain you now?

Ind. By all Means: deſire the Gentleman to walk in. [*Ex. Servant.*

After a Sonnata is play'd, Bevil Junior *waits on the Maſter to the Door,* &c.

Bev. jun. You ſmile, Madam, to ſee me ſo Complaiſant to one, whom I pay for his Viſit: Now, I own, I think it not enough barely to pay thoſe, whoſe Talents are ſuperior to our own (I mean ſuch Talents as would become our Condition, if we had them.) Methinks we ought to do ſomething more, than barely gratify them for what they do at our Command, only becauſe their Fortune is below us.

Ind. You ſay I ſmile: I aſſure you it was a Smile of Approbation; for indeed I cannot but think it the diſtinguiſhing Part of a Gentleman, to make his Superiority of Fortune as eaſy to his Inferiors as he can.——— Now once more to try him. [*Aſide.*]—I was ſaying juſt now, I believe you would never let me diſpute with you, and I dare ſay it will always be ſo: However, I muſt have your Opinion upon a Subject, which created a Debate between my Aunt and me, juſt before you came hither; ſhe would needs have it, that no Man ever does any extraordinary Kindneſs or Service for a Woman, but for his own Sake.

Bev. jun. Well, Madam! indeed I can't but be of her Mind.

Ind. What, though he would maintain, and ſupport her without demanding any Thing of her on her Part?

Bev. jun. Why, Madam, is making an Expence in the Service of a valuable Woman (for ſuch I muſt ſuppoſe her) though ſhe ſhould never do him any Favour, nay, though ſhe ſhould never know who did her ſuch Service, ſuch a mighty heroick Buſineſs?

Ind. Certainly! I ſhould think he muſt be a Man of an uncommon Mold.

Bev. jun. Dear Madam, why ſo? 'tis but at beſt a better Taſte in Expence: To beſtow upon one, whom he may think one of the Ornaments of the whole Creation, to be conſcious, that from his Superfluity, an innocent, a virtuous Spirit, is ſupported above the Temptations and Sorrows of Life! That he ſees Satisfaction, Health and Gladneſs in her Countenance, while he enjoys the Happineſs of ſeeing her (as that I will ſuppoſe too, or he muſt be too abſtracted, too inſenſible) I ſay if he is allowed to delight in that Proſpect; alas! what mighty Matter is there, in all this?

Ind. No mighty Matter, in ſo diſintereſted a Friendſhip!

Bev. jun. Diſintereſted! I can't think him ſo! your Hero, Madam, is no more, than what every Gentleman ought to be, and I believe very many are——He is only one, who takes more Delight in Reflexions than in Senſations

ſations; he is more pleaſed with Thinking, than Eating; that's the utmoſt you can ſay of him——Why, Madam, a greater Expence, than all this, Men lay out upon an unneceſſary Stable of Horſes.

Ind. Can you be ſincere in what you ſay?

Bev jun. You may depend upon it, if you know any ſuch Man, he does not love Dogs inordinately.

Ind. No, that he does not.

Bev. jun. Nor Cards, nor Dice.

Ind. No.

Bev. jun. Nor Bottle Companions.

Ind. No.

Bev. jun. Nor looſe Women.

Ind. No, I'm ſure he does not.

Bev. jun. Take my Word then, if your admired Hero is not liable to any of theſe kind of Demands: there's no ſuch Preheminence in this, as you imagine: Nay, this Way of Expence you ſpeak of, is what exalts and raiſes him that has a Taſte for it: And at the ſame Time, his Delight is incapable of Satiety, Diſguſt or Penitence.

Ind. But ſtill I inſiſt his having no private Intereſt in the Action, makes it prodigious, almoſt incredible.

Bev. jun. Dear Madam, I never knew you more miſtaken: Why, who can be more an Uſurer, than he, who lays out his Money in ſuch valuable Purchaſes? If Pleaſure be worth purchaſing, how great a Pleaſure is it to him, who has a true Taſte of Life, to eaſe an aking Heart, to ſee the human Countenance lighted up into Smiles of Joy, on the Receipt of a Bit of Oar, which is ſuperfluous, and otherwiſe uſeleſs in a Man's own Pocket? What could a Man do better with his Caſh? This is the Effect of an humane Diſpoſition, where there is only a general Tye of Nature, and common Neceſſity. What then muſt it be, when we ſerve an Object of Merit, of Admiration!

Ind. Well! the more you argue againſt it, the more I ſhall admire the Generoſity.

Bev. jun. Nay——Then Madam, 'tis Time to fly after a Declaration, that my Opinion ſtrengthens my Adverſary's Argument——I had beſt haſten to my Ap-

pointment with Mr. *Myrtle*, and be gone, while we are Friends, and——before Things are brought to an Extremity——— [*Exit careleſly.*

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. Well, Madam, what think you of him now, pray?

Ind. I proteſt I begin to fear he is wholly diſintereſted in what he does for me. On my Heart, he has no other View, but the mere Pleaſure of doing it, and has neither good or bad Deſigns upon me.

Iſab. Ah! dear Niece! don't be in Fear of both! I'll warrant you, you will know Time enough, that he is not indifferent.

Ind. You pleaſe me, when you tell me ſo: For if he has any Wiſhes towards me, I know he will not purſue them, but with Honour.

Iſab. I wiſh, I were as confident of one, as t'other—I ſaw the reſpectful Downcaſt of his Eyes, when you catcht him gazing at you during the Muſick: He, I warrant, was ſurpriz'd, as if he had been taken ſtealing your Watch. O! the undiſſembled guilty Look! but it's all a Perplexity, till——till——till———

Ind. Till what?

Iſab. Till I know whether Mr. *Myrtle* and Mr. *Bevil* are really Friends or Foes——And that I will be convinced of, before I ſleep: For you ſhall not be deceiv'd.

Ind. I'm ſure, I never ſhall, if your Fears can guard me: In the mean Time I'll wrap myſelf up in the Integrity of my own Heart, nor dare to doubt of his.

As conſcious Honour all his Actions ſteers;
So conſcious Innocence diſpels my Fears. [*Exe.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sealand*'s Houſe.

Enter Tom *meeting* Phillis.

Tom. WELL, *Phillis!*——what with a Face, as if you had never ſeen me before——What a Work have I to do now? She has ſeen ſome new Viſitant at their Houſe, whoſe Airs ſhe has catch'd, and is reſolv'd to practiſe them upon me. Numberleſs are the Changes ſhe'll dance thro', before ſhe'll anſwer this plain Queſtion; *videlicet*, Have you deliver'd my Maſter's Letter to your Lady? Nay, I know her too well, to aſk an Account of it, in an ordinary Way; I'll be in my Airs as well as ſhe. [*Aſide*]——Well, Madam, as unhappy as you are at preſent pleaſed to make me, I would not in the general be any other than what I am; I would not be a bit wiſer, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit ſhorter, than I am at this Inſtant. [*Looking ſtedfaſtly at her.*

Phil. Did ever any Body doubt, Maſter *Thomas*, but that you were extremely ſatisfied with your ſweet ſelf?

Tom. I am indeed——The Thing I have leaſt Reaſon to be ſatisfied with is my Fortune, and I am glad of my Poverty; perhaps if I were rich, I ſhould overlook the fineſt Woman in the World, that wants nothing but Riches to be thought ſo.

Phil. How prettily was that ſaid? But I'll have a great deal more, before I'll ſay one Word. [*Aſide.*

Tom. I ſhould, perhaps have been ſtupidly above her, had I not been her Equal; and by not being her Equal, never had Opportunity of being her Slave. I am my Maſter's Servant for Hire; I am my Miſtreſs's from Choice; wou'd ſhe but approve my Paſſion.

Phil. I think it is the firſt Time I ever heard you ſpeak of it, with any Senſe of the Anguiſh, if you really do ſuffer any.

Tom.

Tom. Ah! *Phillis*, can you doubt, after what you have ſeen?

Phil. I know not what I have ſeen, nor what I have heard; but ſince I am at Leiſure, you may tell me when you fell in Love with me: How you fell in Love with me; and what you have ſuffer'd, or are ready to ſuffer for me.

Tom. Oh! the unmerciful Jade! when I'm in haſte about my Maſter's Letter——— But I muſt go thro' it, [*Aſide.*]——Ah! too well I remember, when, and how, and on what Occaſion I was firſt ſurpris'd. It was on the firſt of *April* one thouſand ſeven hundred and fifteen, I came into Mr. *Sealand*'s Service; I was then a Hobble-de-Hoy, and you a pretty little tight Girl, a favourite Hand-maid of the Houſekeeper——— At that Time, we neither of us knew what was in us: I remember, I was ordered to get out of the Window, one Pair of Stairs, to rub the Saſhes clean,———the Perſon employ'd on the innerſide, was your charming ſelf, whom I had never ſeen before.

Phil. I think I remember the ſilly Accident: What made ye, you Oaf, ready to fall down into the Street?

Tom. You know not, I warrant you——— You could not gueſs what ſurpris'd me. You took no Delight when you immediately grew wanton in your Conqueſt, and put your Lips cloſe and breath'd upon the Glaſs, and when my Lips approach'd, a dirty Cloth you rubb'd againſt my Face, and hid your beauteous Form; when I again drew near, you ſpit, and rubb'd, and ſmil'd at my Undoing.

Phil. What ſilly Thoughts you Men have!

Tom. We were *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe*——but ten times harder was my Fate; *Pyramus* could peep only through a Wall; I ſaw her, ſaw my *Thiſbe* in all her Beauty, but as much kept from her as if a hundred Walls between, for there was more, there was her Will againſt me—— Would ſhe but yet relent?——— Oh, *Phillis! Phillis!* ſhorten my Torment, and declare you pity me.

Phil. I believe it's very ſufferable; the pain is not ſo exquiſite, but that you may bear it a little longer.

Tom.

Tom. Oh! my charming *Phillis*, if all depended on my fair one's Will, I could with Glory ſuffer——— But deareſt Creature, conſider our miſerable State.

Phil. How! miſerable!

Tom. We are miſerable to be in Love, and under the Command of others than thoſe we love———with that generous Paſſion in the Heart, to be ſent to and fro on Errands, call'd, check'd, and rated for the meaneſt Trifles. Oh, *Phillis!* You don't know how many *China* Cups, and Glaſſes, my Paſſion for you has made me break: You have broken my Fortune, as well as my Heart.

Phil. Well, Mr. *Thomas*, I cannot but own to you, that I believe, your Maſter writes and you ſpeak the beſt of any Men in the World. Never was a Woman ſo well pleas'd with a Letter, as my young Lady was with his, and this is an Anſwer to it. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Tom. This was well done, my deareſt; conſider, we muſt ſtrike out ſome pretty Livelihood for our ſelves, by cloſing their Affairs: It will be nothing for them to give us a little Being of our own, ſome ſmall Tenement, out of their large Poſſeſſions: whatever they give us, it will be more than what they keep for themſelves: one Acre, with *Phillis*, would be worth a whole Country without her.

Phil. O, could I but believe you!

Tom. If not the Utterance, believe the Touch of my Lips. [*Kiſſes her.*

Phil. There's no contradicting you, how cloſely you argue, *Tom!*

Tom. And will cloſer in due Time. But I muſt haſten with this Letter, to haſten towards the Poſſeſſion of you ——Then, *Phillis*, conſider how I muſt be reveng'd, look to it, of all your Skittiſhneſs, ſhy Looks, and at beſt but coy Compliances.

Phil. Oh! *Tom*, you grow wanton, and ſenſual, as my Lady calls it, I muſt not endure it; Oh! Foh! you are a Man, an odious, filthy Male Creature; you ſhould behave, if you had a right Senſe, or were a Man of Senſe, like Mr. *Cimberton*, with Diſtance and Indifference,

rence, and not ruſh on one as if you were ſeizing a Prey. But huſh——the Ladies are coming——Good *Tom*, don't kiſs me above once, and be gone——Lard, we have been fooling and toying, and not conſider'd the main Buſineſs of our Maſters and Miſtreſſes.

Tom. Why, their Buſineſs is to be fooling and toying, as ſoon as the Parchments are ready.

Phil. Well remember'd——Parchments——my Lady, to my Knowledge, is preparing Writings between her Coxcomb Couſin *Cimberton* and my Miſtreſs; though my Maſter has an Eye to the Parchments already prepar'd between your Maſter, Mr. *Bevil*, and my Miſtreſs; and I believe, my Miſtreſs herſelf has ſign'd and ſeal'd, in her Heart, to Mr. *Myrtle*——Did I not bid you kiſs me but once and be gone? but I know you won't be ſatisfy'd.

Tom. No, you ſmooth Creature, how ſhould I?

[*Kiſſing her Hand.*

Phil. Well, ſince you are ſo humble, or ſo cool, as to raviſh my Hand only, I'll take my Leave of you like a great Lady, and you a Man of Quality.

[*They ſalute formally.*

Tom. Pox of all this State. [*Offers to kiſs her more cloſely.*

Phil. No, pr'ythee *Tom*, mind your Buſineſs. O, here is my young Miſtreſs! [Tom. *taps her Neck behind, and kiſſes his Fingers.*] Go, ye liquoriſh Fool. [*Exit.* Tom.

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. Who was that you was hurrying away?

Phil. One that I had no mind to part with.

Luc. Why did you turn him away then?

Phil. For your Ladyſhip's Service, to carry your Ladyſhip's Letter to his Maſter, I could hardly get the Rogue away.

Luc. Why, has he ſo little Love for his Maſter?

Phil. No, but he has ſo much Love for his Miſtreſs,

Luc. But I thought I heard him kiſs you. Why do you ſuffer that?

Phil. Why, Madam, we Vulgar take it to be a Sign of Love; we Servants, we poor People, that have nothing but our

our Perſons to beſtow, or treat for, ſqueeze with our Hands, and ſeal with our Lips, to ratify Vows and Promiſes.

Luc. But can't you truſt one another, without ſuch Earneſt down?

Phil. We don't think it ſafe, any more than you Gentry, to come together without Deeds executed.

Luc. Thou art a pert merry Huſſey.

Phil. I wiſh, Madam, your Lover and you were as happy, as *Tom* and your Servant are.

Luc. You grow impertinent.

Phil. I have done, Madam; and I won't aſk you, what you intend to do with Mr. *Myrtle*, what your Father will do with Mr. *Bevil*, nor what you all, eſpecially my Lady, mean by admitting Mr. *Cimberton* as particularly here, as if he were married to you already; nay, you are married actually as far as People of Quality are.

Luc. How's that?

Phil. You have different Beds in the ſame Houſe.

Luc. Pſhaw! I have a very great Value for Mr. *Bevil*, but have abſolutely put an End to his Pretenſions, in the Letter I gave you for him:

Phil. Then Mr. *Myrtle.*——

Luc. He had my Parent's Leave to apply to me, and by that he has won me, and my Affections: who is to have this Body of mine, without 'em, it ſeems, is nothing to me; my Mother ſays, 'tis indecent for me to let my Thoughts ſtray about the Perſon of my Huſband: Nay, ſhe ſays, a Maid, rightly virtuous, tho' ſhe may have been where her Lover was a thouſand times, ſhould not have made Obſervations enough, to know him from another Man, when ſhe ſees him in a third Place.

Phil. That is more than the Severity of a Nun, for not to ſee, when one may, is hardly poſſible; not to ſee when one can't is very eaſy: at this rate, Madam, there are a great many whom you have not ſeen, who——

Luc. Mamma ſays, the firſt Time you ſee your Huſband ſhould be at that Inſtant he is made ſo; when your Father, with the Help of the Miniſter, gives you to him; then you are to ſee him; then you are to obſerve and take Notice of him, becauſe then you are to obey him.

Phil.

Phil. But does not my Lady remember, you are to love, as well as to obey?

Luc. To love is a Paſſion, 'tis a Deſire, and we muſt have no Deſires. Oh! I cannot endure the Reflexion! With what inſenſibility on my Part, with what more than Patience, have I been expos'd, and offered to ſome aukward Booby or other, in every County of *Great-Britain?*

Phil. Indeed, Madam, I wonder I never heard you ſpeak of it before, with this Indignation.

Luc. Every Corner of the Land has preſented me with a wealthy Coxcomb. As faſt as one Treaty has gone off, another has come on, till my Name and Perſon have been the Tittle Tattle of the whole Town:

Phil. But, Madam, all theſe Vexations will end very ſoon, in one for all: Mr. *Cimberton* is your Mother's Kinſman, and three hundred Years an older Gentleman than any Lover you ever had; for which Reaſon, with that of his prodigious large Eſtate, ſhe is reſolved on him, and has ſent to conſult the Lawyers accordingly. Nay, has (whether you know it or no) been in Treaty with Sir *Geoffry*, who to join in the Settlement, has accepted of a Sum to do it, and is every Moment expected in Town for that Purpoſe.

Luc. How do you get all this Intelligence?

Phil. By an Art I have, I thank my Stars, beyond all the Waiting-Maids in *Great-Britain*; the Art of Liſt'ning, Madam, for your Ladyſhip's Service.

Luc. I ſhall ſoon know as much as you do; leave me, leave me, *Phillis*, be gone: Here, here, I'll turn you out. My Mother ſays I muſt not converſe with my Servants; tho' I muſt converſe with no one elſe. [*Exit* Phil. Here he comes with my Mother—It's much if he looks at me; or if he does, takes no more Notice of me than of any other Moveable in the Room.

Enter Mrs. Sealand, *and Mr.* Cimberton.

Mrs. Seal. How do I admire this noble, this learned Taſte of yours, and the worthy Regard you have to our own ancient and honourable Houſe, in conſulting a Means to keep the Blood as pure, and as regularly deſcended as may be.

Cimb.

Cimb. Why, really Madam, the young Women of this Age are treated with Diſcourſes of ſuch a Tendency, and their Imaginations ſo bewilder'd in Fleſh and Blood, that a Man of Reaſon can't talk to be underſtood: They have no Ideas of Happineſs, but what are more groſs than the Gratification of Hunger and Thirſt.

Luc. With how much Reflexion he is a Coxcomb? [*Aſide.*

Cimb. And in Truth, Madam, I have conſider'd it, as a moſt brutal Cuſtom, that Perſons of the firſt Character in the World, ſhould go as ordinarily, and with as little Shame, to Bed, as to Dinner with one another. They proceed to the Propagation of the Species, as openly, as to the Preſervation of the Individual.

Luc. She that willingly goes to Bed to thee, muſt have no Shame, I'm ſure. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Seal. Oh, Couſin *Cimberton!* Couſin *Cimberton!* how abſtracted, how refin'd, is your Senſe of Things; but, indeed, it is too true, there is nothing ſo ordinary as to ſay, in the beſt govern'd Families, my Maſter and Lady are gone to Bed; one does not know but it might have been ſaid of one's ſelf. [*Hiding her Face with her Fan.*

Cimb. Lycurgus, Madam, inſtituted otherwiſe; among the *Lacedæmonians*, the whole female World was pregnant, but none, but the Mothers themſelves, knew by whom; their Meetings were ſecret, and the amorous Congreſs always by Stealth; and no ſuch profeſſed Doings between the Sexes; as are tolerated among us under the audacious Word, Marriage.

Mrs. Seal. Oh! had I liv'd, in thoſe Days, and been a Matron of *Sparta*, one might, with leſs Indecency, have had ten Children, according to that modeſt Inſtitution, than one, under the Confuſion of our modern, barefac'd Manner.

Luc. And yet, poor Woman, ſhe has gone thro' the whole Ceremony, and here I ſtand a melancholy Proof of it. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Seal. We will talk then of Buſineſs. That Girl walking about the Room there, is to be your Wife. She has, I confeſs, no Ideas, no Sentiments, that ſpeak her born of a thinking Mother. *Cimb.*

Cimb. I have obſerv'd her; her lively Look, free Air, and diſengag'd Countenance, ſpeak her very——

Luc. Very, what?

Cimb. If you pleaſe, Madam——to ſet her a little that Way.

Mrs. Seal. Lucinda, ſay nothing to him, you are not a Match for him; when you are married, you may ſpeak to ſuch a Huſband, when you're ſpoken to. But, I am diſpoſing of you, above yourſelf, every Way.

Cimb. Madam, you cannot but obſerve the Inconveniencies I expoſe myſelf to, in Hopes that your Ladyſhip will be the Conſort of my better Part: As for the young Woman, ſhe is rather an Impediment, than a Help to a Man of Letters, and Speculation. Madam, there is no Reflexion, no Philoſophy, can at all Times ſubdue the ſenſitive Life, but the Animal ſhall ſometimes carry away the Man: Ha! ay, the Vermillion of her Lips.

Luc. Pray, don't talk of me thus.

Cimb. The pretty enough——Pant of her Boſom.

Luc. Sir; Madam, don't you hear him?

Cimb. Her forward Cheſt.

Luc. Intolerable.

Cimb. High Health.

Luc. The grave, eaſy Impudence of him!

Cimb. Proud Heart.

Luc. Stupid Coxcomb!

Cimb. I ſay, Madam, her Impatience, while we are looking at her, throws out all Attractions—her Arms—her Neck—what a Spring in her Step!

Luc. Don't you run me over thus, you ſtrange unaccountable!

Cimb. What an Elaſticity in her Veins and Arteries!

Luc. I have no Veins, no Arteries.

Mrs. Seal. Oh, Child, hear him, he talks finely, he's a Scholar, he knows what you have.

Cimb. The ſpeaking Invitation of her Shape, the gathering of herſelf up, and the Indignation you ſee in the pretty little Thing——now, I am conſidering her, on this Occaſion, but as one that is to be pregnant; and pregnant undoubtedly ſhe will be yearly. I fear I ſhan't,

for

for many Years, have Diſcretion enough to give her one fallow Seaſon.

Luc. Monſter! there's no bearing it. The hideous Sot!—there's no enduring it, to be thus ſurvey'd like a Steed at Sale.

Cimb. At Sale! ſhe's very illiterate——But ſhe's very well limb'd too; turn her in; I ſee what ſhe is.

Mrs. Seal. Go, you Creature, I am aſham'd of you. [*Exit* Lucinda *in a Rage.*

Cimb. No harm done—you know, Madam, the better Sort of People, as I obſerv'd to you, treat by their Lawyers of Weddings [*adjuſting himſelf at the Glaſs*] and the Woman in the Bargain, like the Manſion-Houſe in the Sale of the Eſtate, is thrown in, and what that is, whether good or bad, is not at all conſider'd.

Mrs. Seal. I grant it, and therefore make no Demand for her Youth, and Beauty, and every other Accompliſhment, as the common World think 'em, becauſe ſhe is not polite.

Cimb. Madam, I marry to have an Heir to my Eſtate, and not to beget a Colony, or a Plantation: This young Woman's Beauty, and Conſtitution, will demand Proviſion for a tenth Child at leaſt. And I muſt depend upon my own Reflexion and Philoſophy, not to overſtock my Family.

Mrs. Seal. I cannot help her, Couſin *Cimberton*; but ſhe is, for ought I ſee, as well as the Daughter of any Body elſe.

Cimb. That is very true, Madam.

Enter a Servant who whiſpers Mrs. Sealand.

Mrs. Seal. The Lawyers are come. But, good Couſin, you muſt have Patience with 'em. Theſe Lawyers, I am told, are of a different Kind; one is what they call a Chamber-Counſel, the other a Pleader: The Conveyancer is ſlow, from an Imperfection in his Speech, and therefore ſhun'd the Bar, but extremely paſſionate, and impatient of Contradiction: the other is as warm as he; but has a Tongue ſo voluble, and a Head ſo conceited, he will ſuffer no Body to ſpeak but himſelf.

Cimb.

Cimb. You mean old Serjeant *Target*, and Counſellor *Bramble?* I have heard of 'em.

Mrs. Seal. The ſame: ſhew in the Gentlemen.

[*Exit Servant.*

Re-enter Servant, introducing Myrtle *and* Tom, *diſguis'd as* Bramble *and* Target.

Mrs. Seal. Gentlemen, this is the Party concern'd, Mr. *Cimberton*; and I hope you have conſider'd of the Matter.

Tar. Yes, Madam, we have agreed that it muſt be by Indent—dent—dent—dent—

Bram. Yes, Madam, Mr. Serjeant and myſelf have agreed, as he is pleas'd to inform you, that it muſt be an Indenture Tripartite, and Tripartite let it be, for Sir *Geoffry* muſt needs be a Party; old *Cimberton*, in the Year 1619, ſays, in that ancient Roll, in Mr. Serjeant's Hands, as Recourſe thereto being had, will more at large appear———

Tar. Yes, and by the Deeds in your Hands, it appears that———

Bram. Mr. Serjeant, I beg of you to make no Inferences upon what is in our Cuſtody; but ſpeak to the Titles in your own Deeds——I ſhall not ſhew that Deed 'till my Client is in Town.

Cimb. You know beſt your own Methods.

Mrs. Seal. The ſingle Queſtion is, whether the Intail is ſuch, that my Couſin Sir *Geoffry*, is neceſſary in this Affair?

Bram. Yes, as to the Lordſhip of *Tretriplet*, but not as to the Meſſuage of *Grimgribber*.

Tar. I ſay that *Gr—gr—* that *Gr—gr—Grimgribber*, *Grimgribber* is in us. That is to ſay, the Remainder thereof, as well as that of *Tr—tr—Triplet*.

Bram. You go upon the Deed of Sir *Ralph*, made in the Middle of the laſt Century, precedent to that in which old *Cimberton* made over the Remainder, and made it paſs to the Heirs general, by which your Client comes in; and I queſtion whether the Remainder, even of *Tretriplet* is in him———But we are willing to wave that, and

and give him a valuable Consideration. But we shall not purchase what is in us for ever, as *Grimgribber* is, at the Rate as we guard against the Contingent of Mr. *Cimberton* having no Son——Then we know Sir *Geoffry* is the first of the collateral male Line in this Family——Yet————

Tar. Sir, *Gr——gr——ber* is——

Bram. I apprehend you very well, and your Argument might be of Force, and we would be inclin'd to hear that in all its Parts——But, Sir, I see very plainly what you are going into——I tell you it is as probable a Contingent that Sir *Geoffry* may die before Mr. *Cimberton*, as that he may outlive him.

Tar. Sir, we are not ripe for that yet, but I must say--

Bram. Sir, I allow you the whole Extent of that Argument; but that will go no farther than as to the Claimants under old *Cimberton*————I am of Opinion, that according to the Instructions of Sir *Ralph*, he could not dock the Entail, and then create a new Estate for the Heirs in general.

Tar. Sir I have no Patience to be told that, when *Gr——gr——ber*————

Bram. I will allow it you, Mr. Serjeant; but there must be the Word Heirs for ever, to make such an Estate as you pretend.

Cimb. I must be impartial, tho' you are Counsel for my Side of the Question——Were it not that you are so good as to allow him what he has not said, I should think it very hard you should answer him without hearing him——But, Gentlemen, I believe you have both consider'd this Matter, and are firm in your different Opinions: 'Twere better therefore, you proceeded according to the particular Sense of each of you, and give your Thoughts distinctly in Writing——And do you see, Sirs, pray let me have a Copy of what you say, in *English*.

Bram. Why, what is all we have been saying?—— In *English!* Oh! but I forgot myself, you're a Wit—— But however, to please you, Sir, you shall have it, in as plain Terms, as the Law will admit of.

Cimb. But I would have it, Sir, without Delay.

Bram.

Bram. That, Sir, the Law will not admit of; the Courts are ſitting at *Weſtminſter*, and I am this Moment oblig'd to be at every one of them, and 'twould be wrong if I ſhould not be in the Hall to attend one of 'em at leaſt, the reſt would take it ill elſe———Therefore, I muſt leave what I have ſaid to Mr. Serjeant's Conſideration, and I will digeſt his Arguments on my Part and you ſhall hear from me again, Sir. [*Exit* Bramble.

Tar. Agreed, agreed.

Cimb. Mr. *Bramble* is very quick———He parted a little abruptly.

Tar. He could not bear my Argument, I pincht him to the Quick, about that *Gr—gr—ber*.

Mrs. Seal. I ſaw that, for he durſt not ſo much as hear you——I ſhall ſend to you, Mr. Serjeant, as ſoon as Sir *Geoffry* comes to Town, and then I hope all may be adjuſted.

Tar. I ſhall be at my Chambers, at my uſual Hours. [*Exit.*

Cimb. Madam, if you pleaſe, I'll now attend you to the Tea-table, where I ſhall hear from your Ladyſhip, Reaſon and good Senſe, after all this Law and Gibberiſh,

Mrs. Seal. 'Tis a wonderful Thing, Sir, that Men of Profeſſions do not ſtudy to talk the Subſtance of what they have to ſay, in the Language of the reſt of the World: Sure, they'd find their Account in it.

Cimb. They might, perhaps, Madam, with People of your good Senſe; but, with the generality 'twould never do: The Vulgar would have no Reſpect for Truth and Knowledge, if they were expos'd to naked View.

Truth is too ſimple, of all Art bereav'd,
Since the World will--why let it be deceiv'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, Bevil Junior's *Lodgings.*

Bevil jun. *with a Letter in his Hand, follow'd by* Tom.

Tom. UPON my Life, Sir, I know nothing of the Matter: I never open'd my Lips to Mr. *Myrtle*, about any Thing of your Honour's Letter to Madam *Lucinda.*

Bev. jun. What's the Fool in ſuch a Fright for? I don't ſuppoſe you did: What I would know is, whether Mr. *Myrtle* ſhew'd any Suſpicion, or aſk'd you any Queſtions, to lead you to ſay caſually, that you had carry'd any ſuch Letter, for me, this Morning.

Tom. Why, Sir, if he did aſk me any Queſtions, how could I help it?

Bev. jun. I don't ſay you could, Oaf! I am not queſtioning you, but him: What did he ſay to you?

Tom. Why, Sir, when I came to his chambers, to be dreſs'd for the Lawyer's Part, your Honour was pleas'd to put me upon, he aſk'd me, if I had been at Mr. *Sealand*'s this Morning?——So I told him, Sir, I often went thither——becauſe, Sir, if I had not ſaid that, he might have thought there was ſomething more in my going now, than at another time.

Bev. jun. Very Well!—The Fellow's Caution, I find, has given him this Jealouſy. [*Aſide.*] Did he aſk you no other Queſtions?

Tom. Yes, Sir—now I remember, as we came away, in the Hackney-Coach, from Mr. *Sealand's*, *Tom*, ſays he, as I came in to your Maſter this Morning, he bade you go for an Anſwer to a Letter he had ſent. Pray did you bring him any? ſays he——Ah! ſays I, Sir, your Honour is pleas'd to joke with me, you have a Mind to know whether I can keep a Secret or no?

Bev. jun. And ſo by ſhewing him you could, you told him you had one? *Tom.*

Tom. Sir——— [*Confus'd.*

Bev. jun. What mean Actions does Jealouſy make a Man ſtoop to? How poorly has he us'd Art, with a Servant, to make him betray his Maſter? Well! and when did he give you this Letter for me?

Tom. Sir, he writ it, before he pull'd off his Lawyer's Gown, at his own Chambers.

Bev. jun. Very well; and what did he ſay, when you brought him my Anſwer to it?

Tom. He look'd a little out of Humour, Sir, and ſaid, it was very well.

Bev. jun. I knew he would be grave upon't,—wait without.

Tom. Hum! 'gad I don't like this; I am afraid we are in the wrong Box here—— [*Exit* Tom.

Bev. jun. I put on a Serenity, while my Fellow was preſent: But I have never been more thoroughly diſturb'd; this hot Man! to write me a Challenge, on ſuppoſed artificial Dealing, when I profeſs'd myſelf his Friend! I can live contented without Glory; but I cannot ſuffer Shame. What's to be done? But firſt, let me conſider *Lucinda*'s Letter again. [*Reads.*

SIR,

I Hope it is conſiſtent with the Laws a Woman ought to impoſe upon herſelf, to acknowledge, that your Manner of declining a Treaty of Marriage, in our Family, and deſiring the Refuſal may come from me, has ſomething more engaging in it, than the Courtſhip of him, who, I fear, will fall to my Lot; I have Reaſons for deſiring Mr. Myrtle *may not know of this Letter, till hereafter, and am your moſt obliged humble Servant,*

Lucinda Sealand.

Well, but the Poſtſcript. [*Reads.*

I won't upon ſecond Thoughts, hide any Thing from you. But, my Reaſon of concealing this is, That Mr. Myrtle *has a Jealouſy in his Temper, which gives me ſome Terrors; but my Eſteem for him inclines me to hope, that only an ill Effect, which ſometimes accompanies a tender Love; and what may be cur'd by a careful and unblameable Conduct.*

Thus

Thus has this Lady made me her Friend and Confident, and put herſelf, in a kind, under my Protection; I cannot tell him immediately, the Purport of her Letter, except I could cure him of the violent and untractable Paſſion of Jealouſy, and to ſerve him and her, by diſobeying her, in the Article of Secrecy, more than I ſhould by complying with her Directions—But then this Duelling, which Cuſtom has impos'd upon every Man, who would live with Reputation and Honour in the World:—How muſt I preſerve myſelf from Imputations there? He'll, forſooth, call it, or think it Fear, if I explain without fighting—But his Letter—I'll read it again——

SIR,

YOU have us'd me baſely, in correſponding, and carrying on a Treaty, where you told me you were indifferent: I have chang'd my Sword ſince I ſaw you, which Advertiſement I thought proper to ſend you, againſt the next Meeting between you and the injur'd Charles Myrtle.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Mr. *Myrtle*, Sir; would your Honour pleaſe to ſee him?

Bev. jun. Why, you ſtupid Creature! Let Mr. *Myrtle* wait at my Lodgings! Shew him up. [*Exit* Tom. Well! I am reſolv'd upon my Carriage to him——He is in Love, and in every Circumſtance of Life a little diſtruſtful, which I muſt allow for—but here he is.

Enter Tom *introducing* Myrtle.

Sir, I am extremely oblig'd to you for this Honour, ——But, Sir, you with your very diſcerning Face, leave the Room. [*Exit* Tom.] Well, Mr. *Myrtle*, your Commands with me?

Myrt. The Time, the Place, our long Acquaintance, and many other Circumſtances, which affect me on this Occaſion, oblige me, without any Ceremony, or Conference, to deſire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the Receipt of my Letter, but alſo comply with the Requeſt in it. I muſt have farther Notice taken of my Meſſage than theſe half Lines,—I have yours,—I ſhall be at home——

Bev. jun. Sir, I own, I have received a Letter from you, in a very unusual Stile; but as I design every Thing, in this Matter, shall be your own Action, your own seeking, I shall understand nothing, but what you are pleas'd to confirm, Face to Face, and I have already forgot the Contents of your Epistle.

Myrt. This cool Manner is very agreeable to the Abuse you have already made of my Simplicity and Frankness; and I see your Moderation tends to your own Advantage, and not mine; to your own Safety, not Consideration of your Friend.

Bev. jun. My own Safety, Mr. *Myrtle.*

Myrt. Your own Safety, Mr. *Bevil.*

Bev. jun. Look you, Mr. *Myrtle,* there's no disguising that I understand what you would be at—But, Sir, you know, I have often dared to disapprove of the Decisions a Tyrant Custom has introduc'd, to the Breach of all Laws, both divine and human.

Myrt. Mr. *Bevil,* Mr. *Bevil,* it would be a good first Principle, in those who have so tender a Conscience that Way, to have as much Abhorrence of doing Injuries as——

Bev. jun. As what?

Myrt. As Fear of answering for 'em.

Bev. jun. As Fear of answering for 'em! But that Apprehension is just or blameable, according to the Object of that Fear——I have often told you in Confidence of Heart, I abhorr'd the Daring to offend the Author of Life, and rushing into his Presence——I say, by the very same Act, to commit the Crime against him, and immediately to urge on to his Tribunal.

Myrt. Mr. *Bevil,* I must tell you, this Coolness, this Gravity, this Shew of Conscience, shall never cheat me of my Mistress. You have, indeed, the best Excuse for Life, the Hopes of possessing *Lucinda:* But, consider, Sir, I have as much Reason to be weary of it, if I am to lose her; and my first Attempt to recover her, shall be to let her see the dauntless Man, who is to be her Guardian and Protector.

Bev. jun. Sir, shew me but the least Glimpse of Argument, that I am authoris'd, by my own Hand to vindi-

ca'e any lawleſs Inſult of this Nature, and I will ſhew thee——to chaſtize thee—hardly deſerves the Name of Courage——ſlight, inconſiderate Man!——There is, Mr. *Myrtle*, no ſuch Terror in quick Anger; and you ſhall, you know not why, be cool, as you have, you know not why, been warm.

Myrt. Is the Woman one loves, ſo little an Occaſion of Anger? You, perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have your ready, your commodious, your foreign Trinket, for your looſe Hours; and from your Fortune, your ſpecious outward Carriage, and other lucky Circumſtances, as eaſy a Way to the Poſſeſſion of a Woman of Honour; you know nothing of what it is to be alarm'd, to be diſtracted, with Anxiety and Terror of loſing more than Life: Your Marriage, happy Man! goes on like common Buſineſs, and in the Interim, you have your rambling Captive, your *Indian* Princeſs, for your ſoft Moments of Dalliance, your convenient, your ready *Indiana*.

Bev. jun. You have touched me beyond the Patience of a Man; and I'm excuſable in the Guard of Innocence (or from the Infirmity of human Nature which can bear no more) to accept your Invitation, and obſerve your Letter——Sir, I'll attend you.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Did you call, Sir? I thought you did: I heard you ſpeak aloud.

Bev. jun. Yes, go call a Coach.

Tom. Sir,—Maſter—Mr. *Myrtle*,—Friends—Gentlemen——What d'ye mean? I am but a Servant, or——

Bev. jun. Call a Coach. [*Exit* Tom,

[*A long Pauſe, walking ſullenly by each other.*

[*Aſide*] Shall I (though provok'd to the uttermoſt) recover myſelf at the Entrance of a third Perſon, and that my Servant too, and not have Reſpect enough to all I have ever been receiving from Infancy, the Obligation to the beſt of Fathers, to an unhappy Virgin too, whoſe Life depends on mine. [*Shutting the Door.*

[*To* Myrtle.] I have, thank Heaven, had Time to recollect myſelf, and ſhall not, for fear of what ſuch a raſh Man as you think of me, keep longer unexplain'd the falſe Appearances, under which your Infirmity of Temper makes you ſuffer; when, perhaps too much Regard to a falſe Point of Honour, makes me prolong that Suffe ing.

Myrt. I am ſure, Mr. *Bevil* cannot doubt, but I had rather have Satisfaction from his Innocence, than his Sword.

Bev. jun. Why then would you aſk it firſt that Way?

Myrt. Conſider, you kept your Temper yourſelf no longer than till I ſpoke to the Diſadvantage of her you lov'd.

Bev. jun. True. But let me tell you, I have ſaved you from the moſt exquiſite Diſtreſs, even tho' you had ſucceeded in the Diſpute: I know you ſo well, that I am ſure, to have found this Letter about a Man you had kill'd, would have been worſe than Death to yourſelf—Read it—When he is throughly mortify'd, and Shame has got the better of Jealouſy, he will deſerve to be aſſiſted towards obtaining *Lucinda*.

Myrt. With what a Superiority has he turn'd the Injury on me, as the Aggreſſor? I begin to fear I have been too far tranſported——*A Treaty in our Family!* is not that ſaying too much? I ſhall relapſe——But I find (on the Poſtſcript) *ſomething like Jealouſy*——with what Face can I ſee my Benefactor? my Advocate? whom I have treated like a Betrayer.——Oh! *Bevil*, with what Words ſhall I——

Bev. jun. There needs none; to convince, is much more than to conquer.

Myrt. But can you——

Bev. jun. You have o'erpaid the Inquietude you gave me, in the Change I ſee in you towards me: Alas! what Machines are we! thy Face is alter'd to that of another Man; to that of my Companion, my Friend.

Myrt. That I could be ſuch a precipitant Wretch!

Bev. jun. Pray no more.

Myrt. Let me reflect how many Friends have died,

by

by the Hands of Friends, for want of Temper; and you must give me Leave to say again, and again, how much I am beholden to that superior Spirit you have subdu'd me with—what had become of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of Reason?

Bev. jun. I congratulate to us both the Escape from ourselves, and hope the Memory of it will make us dearer Friends than ever.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil*, your friendly Conduct has convinc'd me that there is nothing manly, but what is conducted by Reason, and agreeable to the Practice of Virtue and Justice, and yet, how many have been sacrific'd to that Idol, the unreasonable Opinion of Men! Nay, they are so ridiculous in it, that they often use their Swords against each other, with dissembled Anger, and real Fear.

Betray'd by Honour, and compell'd by Shame,
They hazard Being, to preserve a Name:
Nor dare inquire into the dread Mistake,
'Till plung'd in sad Eternity they Wake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *St.* James's *Park.*

Enter Sir John Bevil *and Mr.* Sealand.

Sir J. Bev. Give me Leave, however, Mr. *Sealand*, as we are upon a Treaty for uniting our Families, to mention only the Business of an ancient House——— Genealogy and Descent are to be of some Consideration, in an Affair of this Sort———

Mr. Seal. Genealogy and Descent!——Sir *John*, value yourself as you please upon your ancient House, I am to talk freely of every Thing you are pleas'd to put into your Bill of Rates on this Occasion.——yet, Sir, I have made no Objections to your Son's Family——'Tis his Morals that I doubt.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I can't help saying, that what might injure a Citizen's Credit, may be no Stain to a Gentleman's Honour.

Mr. Seal. Sir *John*, the Honour of a Gentleman is liable to be tainted, by as ſmall a Matter as the Credit of a Trader; we are talking of a Marriage, and in ſuch a Caſe, the Father of a young Woman will not think it an Addition to the Honour, or Credit of her Lover—— that he is a Keeper———

Sir J. Bev. Mr. *Sealand*, don't take upon you to ſpoil my Son's Marriage with any Woman elſe.

Mr. Seal. Sir *John*, let him apply to any Woman elſe, and have as many Miſtreſſes as he pleaſes———

Sir J. Bev. My Son, Sir, is a diſcreet and ſober Gentleman.

Mr. Seal. Sir, I never ſaw a Man that wenched ſoberly and diſcreetly, that ever left it off———the Decency obſerv'd in the Practice, hides, even from the Sinner the Iniquity of it. They purſue it, not that their Appetites hurry 'em away; but, I warrant you, becauſe 'tis their Opinion, they may do it.

Sir J. Bev. Were what you ſuſpect a Truth——— do you deſign to keep your Daughter a Virgin 'till you find a Man unblemiſh'd that Way?

Mr. Seal. Sir, as much a Cit as you take me for—— I know the Town and the World—and give me Leave to ſay that we Merchants are a Species of Gentry, that have grown into the World this laſt Century, and are as honourable, and almoſt as uſeful, as you landed Folks, that have always thought yourſelves ſo much above us; for your trading, forſooth! is extended no farther, than a Load of Hay, or a fat Ox——You are pleaſant People, indeed; becauſe you are generally bred up to be lazy, therefore I warrant you, Induſtry is diſhonourable.

Sir J. Bev. Be not offended, Sir; let us go back to our Point.

Mr. Seal. Oh! not at all offended———but I don't love to leave any Part of the Account unclos'd——look you, Sir *John*, Compariſons are odious, and more particularly ſo on Occaſions of this Kind, when we are projecting Races, that are to be made out of both Sides of the Compariſons.

Sir

Sir J. Bev. But, my Son, Sir, is, in the Eye of the World, a Gentleman of Merit.

Mr. Seal. I own to you, I think him ſo.——But, Sir *John*, I am a Man exercis'd, and experienced in Chances, and Diſaſters; I loſt, in my earlier Years, a very fine Wife, and with her a poor little Infant: this makes me, perhaps, over-cautious, to preſerve the ſecond Bounty of Providence to me, and be as careful as I can of this Child—you'll pardon me, my poor Girl, Sir, is as valuable to me, as your boaſted Son, to you.

Sir J. Bev. Why that's one very good Reaſon, Mr. *Sealand*, why I wiſh my Son had her.

Mr. Seal. There is nothing but this ſtrange Lady here, this *Incognita*, that can be objected to him——here and there a Man falls in Love with an artful Creature, and gives up all the Motives of Life, to that one Paſſion.

Sir J. Bev. A Man of my Son's Underſtanding, cannot be ſuppoſed to be one of them.

Mr. Seal. Very wiſe Men have been ſo enſlav'd; and when a Man marries with one of them upon his Hands, whether moved from the Demand of the World, or ſlighter Reaſons; ſuch a Huſband ſoils with his Wife for a Month perhaps——then God b'w'y' Madam——the Show's over—ah! *John Dryden* points out ſuch a Huſband to a hair, where he ſays,

' And while abroad ſo prodigal the Dolt is,
' Poor Spouſe at home as ragged as a Colt is.

Now in plain Terms, Sir, I ſhall not care to have my poor Girl turn'd a grazing, and that muſt be the Caſe when——

Sir J. Bev But pray conſider, Sir, my Son——

Mr. Seal. Look you, Sir, I'll make the Matter ſhort. This unknown Lady, as I told you, is all the Objection I have to him. But one Way or other, he is, or has been, certainly engag'd to her——I am therefore reſolv'd this very Afternoon, to viſit her: Now from her Behaviour, or Appearance, I ſhall ſoon be let into, what I may fear or hope for.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I am very confident, there can be

nothing inquired into, relating to my Son, that will not, upon being underſtood, turn to his Advantage.

Mr. Seal. I hope that as ſincerely, as you believe it—Sir *John Bevil*, when I am ſatisfied in this great Point, if your Son's Conduct anſwers the Character you give him, I ſhall wiſh your Alliance more than that of any Gentleman in *Great-Britain*, and ſo your Servant. [*Exit.*

Sir J. Bev. He is gone in a Way but barely civil; but his great Wealth, and the Merit of his only Child, the Heireſs of it, are not to be loſt for a little Peeviſhneſs—

Enter Humphrey.

Oh! *Humphrey*, you are come in a ſeaſonable Minute; I want to talk to thee, and to tell thee, that my Head and Heart are on the Rack, about my Son.

Humph. Sir, you may truſt his Diſcretion, I am ſure you may.

Sir J. Bev. Why, I do believe I may, and yet I'm in a thouſand Fears, when I lay this vaſt Wealth before me: When I conſider his Prepoſſeſſions, either generous, to a Folly, in an honourable Love, or abandon'd, paſt Redemption, in a vicious one; and from the one or the other, his Inſenſibility to the faireſt Proſpect, towards doubling our Eſtate: a Father, who knows how uſeful Wealth is, and how neceſſary, even to thoſe who deſpiſe it, I ſay a Father, *Humphrey*, a Father cannot bear it.

Humph. Be not tranſported, Sir; you will grow incapable of taking any Reſolution, in your Perplexity.

Sir J. Bev. Yes, as angry as I am with him, I would not have him ſurpriz'd in any Thing——This mercantile rough Man may go groſly into the Examination of this Matter, and talk to the Gentlewoman ſo as to——

Humph. No, I hope, not in an abrupt Manner.

Sir J. Bev. No, I hope not! Why, doſt thou know any Thing of her, or of him, or of any Thing of it, or all of it?

Humph. My dear Maſter, I know ſo much! that I told h m this very Day, you had Reaſon to be ſecretly out of Humour about her.

Sir J. Bev. Did you go ſo far? Well, what ſaid he to that?

Humph.

Humph. His Words were, looking upon me ſtedfaſtly: *Humphrey*, ſays he, that Woman is a Woman of Honour.

Sir J. Bev. How! Do you think he is married to her or deſigns to marry her?

Humph. I can ſay nothing to the latter——But he ſays, he can marry no one without your Conſent, while you are living.

Sir J. Bev. If he ſaid ſo much, I know he ſcorns to break his Word with me.

Humph. I am ſure of that.

Sir J. Bev. You are ſure of that——Well! that's ſome Comfort——Oh, *Humphrey*——

Humph. You are not ill, I hope, Sir.

Sir J. Bev. Yes, a Man is very ill, that is in a very ill Humour: To be a Father, is to be in Care for one, whom you oftner diſoblige than pleaſe, by that very Care——Oh! that Sons could know the Duty to a Father, before they themſelves are Fathers——But, perhaps you'll ſay now, that I am one of the happieſt Fathers in the World; but I aſſure you, that of the very happieſt is not a Condition to be envied.

Humph. Sir, your Pain ariſes, not from the Thing itſelf, but your particular Senſe of it——You are overfond, nay, give me Leave to ſay, you are unjuſtly apprehenſive from your Fondneſs: My Maſter *Bevil* never diſoblig'd you, and he will, I know he will, do every Thing you ought to expect.

Sir J. Bev. He won't take all this Money with this Girl——For ought I know, he will, forſooth, have ſo much Moderation, as to think he ought not to force his Liking for any Conſideration.

Humph. He is to marry her, not you; he is to live with her, not you, Sir.

Sir J. Bev. I know not what to think; but I know, nothing can be more miſerable than to be in this Doubt ——Follow me; I muſt come to ſome Reſolution.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Bevil *Junior's Lodgings.*

Enter Tom *and* Phillis.

Tom. Well, Madam, if you muſt ſpeak with Mr. *Myrtle*, you ſhall; he is now with my Maſter in the Library.

Phil. But you muſt leave me alone with him, for he can't make me a preſent, nor I ſo handſomly take any Thing from him, before you; it would not be decent.

Tom. It will be very decent indeed, for me to retire, and leave my Miſtreſs with another Man.

Phil He is a Gentleman, and will treat one properly.

Tom. I believe ſo——but, however, I won't be far off, and therefore will venture to truſt you; I'll call him to you. [*Exit* Tom.

Phil. What a deal of Pother and Sputter here is, between my Miſtreſs and Mr. *Myrtle*, I could any Hour of the Day get her to her Lover, and would do it——— But ſhe forſooth, will allow no Plot to get him; but if he can come to her, I know ſhe would be glad of it; I muſt therefore do her an acceptable Violence and ſurprize her into his Arms. I am ſure I go by the beſt Rule imaginable: If ſhe were my Maid, I ſhould think her the beſt Servant in the World, for doing ſo by me.

Enter Myrtle *and* Tom.

Oh Sir! You and Mr. *Bevil* are fine Gentlemen, to let a Lady remain under ſuch Difficulties as my poor Miſtreſs, and not Attempt to ſet her at Liberty, or releaſe her from the Danger of being inſtantly married to *Cimberton.*

Myrt. Tom has been telling—But what is to be done?

Phil. What is to be done——when a Man can't come at his Miſtreſs?——Why can't you fire our Houſe, or the next Houſe to us, to make us run out, and you take us!

Myrt. How, Mrs. *Phillis*———

Phil. Ay——let me ſee that Rogue deny to fire a Houſe, make a Riot, or any other little Thing, when there were no other Way to come at me.

Tom. I am oblig'd to you, Madam.

Phil. Why, don't we hear every Day of People's hanging themſelves

themſelves for Love, and won't they venture the Hazard of being hang'd for Love?——Oh! were I a Man——

Myrt. What manly Thing would you have me undertake? according to your Ladyſhip's Notion of a Man.

Phil. Only be at once, what, one time or other, you may be, and wiſh to be, or muſt be.

Myrt. Dear Girl, talk plainly to me, and conſider, I, in my Condition, can't be in very good Humour—— you ſay to be once what I muſt be.

Phil. Ay, ay——I mean no more than to be an old Man; In a Word, old Sir *Geoffry Cimberton* is every Hour expected in Town, to join in the Deeds and Settlements, for marrying Mr. *Cimberton*——He is half blind, half lame, half deaf, half dumb; tho', as to his Paſſions and Deſires, he is as warm and ridiculous as when in the Heat of Youth.——

Tom. Come to the Buſineſs, and don't keep the Gentleman in Suſpence for the Pleaſure of being courted, as you ſerve me.

Phil. I ſaw you at the Maſquerade act ſuch a one to Perfection; go, and put on that very Habit, and come to our Houſe as Sir *Geoffry*. There is not one there, but myſelf, knows his Perſon; I was born in the Pariſh where he is Lord of the Manor. I have ſeen him often and often, at Church in the Country. Do not heſitate; but come thither; they will think you bring a certain Security againſt Mr. *Myrtle*, and you bring Mr. *Myrtle*; leave the reſt to me, I leave this with you; and expect ——They don't, I told you, know you; they think you out of Town, which you had as good be for ever, if you loſe this Opportunity——I muſt be gone; I know I am wanted at home.

Myrt. My dear *Phillis!*

[*Catches and kiſſes her, and gives her Money.*

Phil. O Fy! My Kiſſes are not my own; you have committed Violence; but I'll carry 'em to the right Owner. [Tom, *kiſſes* her] Come, ſee me down Stairs [*to* Tom.] and leave the Lover to think of his laſt Game for the Prize. [*Exeunt* Tom *and* Phillis.

Myrt. I think I will inſtantly attempt this wild Expedient——the Extravagance of it will make me leſs ſuſpected,

ſuſpected, and it will give me Opportunity to aſſert my own Right to *Lucinda*, without whom I cannot live: But I am ſo mortify'd at this Conduct of mine towards poor *Bevil*; he muſt think meanly of me——I know not how to reaſſume myſelf, and be in Spirit enough for ſuch an Adventure as this——Yet I muſt attempt it, if it be only to be near *Lucinda*, under her preſent Perplexities; and ſure——

The next Delight to Tranſport, with the Fair,
Is to relieve her, in her Hours of Care. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sealand*'s Houſe.

Enter Phillis, *with Lights, before* Myrtle, *diſguis'd like old Sir* Geoffry; *ſupported by Mrs.* Sealand, Lucinda *and* Cimberton.

Mrs. Seal. NOW I have ſeen you thus far, Sir *Geoffry*, will you excuſe me a Moment, while I give my neceſſary Orders for your Accommodation? [*Exit Mrs.* Seal.

Myrt. I have not ſeen you, Couſin *Cimberton*, ſince you were ten Years old; and as it is incumbent on you, to keep up our Name and Family, I ſhall, upon very reaſonable Terms, join with you in a Settlement to that Purpoſe. Tho' I muſt tell you, Couſin, this is the firſt Merchant that has married into our Houſe.

Luc. Deuce on 'em! am I a Merchant, becauſe my Father is? [*Aſide.*

Myrt. But is he directly a Trader at this Time?

Cimb. There's no hiding the Diſgrace, Sir; he trades to all Parts of the World.

Myrt. We never had one of our Family before, who deſcended from Perſons that did any Thing.

Cimb. Sir, ſince it is a Girl that they have, I am, for the Honour of my Family, willing to take it in again; and to ſink her into our Name, and no Harm done.

Myrt. 'Tis prudently and generouſly reſolv'd——Is this the young Thing?

Cimb. Yes, Sir. *Phil.*

Phil. Good Madam, don't be out of Humour, but let them run to the utmoſt of their Extravagance——Hear them out.

Myrt. Can't I ſee her nearer? My Eyes are but weak.

Phil. Beſide, I am ſure the Uncle has ſomething worth your Notice. I'll take Care to get off the young one, and leave you to obſerve what may be wrought out of the old one for your Good. [*Exit.*

Cimb. Madam, this old Gentleman, your great Uncle, deſires to be introduced to you, and to ſee you nearer! ——Approach, Sir.

Myrt. By your Leave, young Lady——[*Puts on Spectacles*]——Couſin *Cimberton!* She has exactly that Sort of Neck and Boſom, for which my Siſter *Gertrude* was ſo much admir'd, in the Year ſixty-one, before the *French* Dreſſes firſt diſcovered any Thing in Women, below the Chin.

Luc. Chin, quotha—I don't believe my paſſionate Lover there knows whether I have one or not. Ha! ha!

Myrt. Madam, I would not willingly offend, but I have a better Glaſs—— [*Pulls out a large one.*

Enter Phillis *to* Cimberton.

Phil. Sir, my Lady deſires to ſhew the Apartment to you, that ſhe intends for Sir *Geoffry*.

Cimb. Well, Sir! by that Time you have ſufficiently gazed, and ſunned yourſelf in the Beauties of my Spouſe there, I will wait on you again. [*Ex.* Cimb. *and* Phil.

Myrt. Were it not, Madam, that I might be troubleſome, there is ſomething of Importance, tho' we are alone, which I would ſay more ſafe from being heard.

Luc. There is ſomething in this old Fellow methinks, that raiſes my Curioſity.

Myrt. To be free, Madam, I as heartily contemn this Kinſman of mine, as you do, and am ſorry to ſee ſo much Beauty and Merit devoted, by your Parents, to ſo inſenſible a Poſſeſſor.

Luc. Surprizing!——I hope then, Sir, you will not contribute to the Wrong you are ſo generous to pity, whatever may be the Intereſt of your Family.

Myrt.

Myrt. This Hand of mine ſhall never be employ'd to ſign any Thing, againſt your Good and Happineſs.

Luc. I am ſorry, Sir, it is not in my Power to make you proper Acknowledgments; but there is a Gentleman in the World, whoſe Gratitude will, I am ſure, be worthy of the Favour.

Myrt. All the Thanks I deſire, Madam, are in your Power to give.

Luc. Name them, and command them.

Myrt. Only, Madam, that the firſt Time you are alone with your Lover, you will with open Arms receive him.

Luc. As willingly as his Heart could wiſh it.

Myrt. Thus then he claims your Promiſe! O *Lucinda!*

Luc. O! a Cheat! a Cheat! a Cheat!

Myrt. Huſh! 'tis I, 'tis I, your Lover, *Myrtle* himſelf, Madam.

Luc. O bleſs me! what a Rathneſs and Folly to ſurprize me ſo——But huſh——my Mother——

Enter Mrs. Sealand, Cimberton, *and* Phillis.

Mrs. Seal. How now! what's the Matter?

Luc. O, Madam! as ſoon as you left the Room, my Uncle fell into a ſudden Fit, and—aud—ſo I cry'd out for Help to ſupport him, and conduct him to his Chamber.

Mrs. Seal. That was kindly done! Alas! Sir, how do you find yourſelf?

Myrt. Never was taken in ſo odd a Way in my Life--pray lead me! Oh! I was talking here——*(pray carry me)* to my Couſin *Cimberton*'s young Lady——

[Cimberton *and* Lucinda *lead him, as one in Pain,* &c.

Cimb. Pox! Uncle, you will pull my Ear off.

Luc. Pray Uncle! you will ſqueeze me to Death.

Mrs. Seal. No Matter, no Matter--he knows not what he does. Come, Sir, ſhall I help you out!

Myrt. By no means; I'll trouble no Body but my young Couſins here. [*They lead him off.*

SCENE, *Charing-Croſs.*

Enter Mr. Sealand, *and* Humphrey.

Mr. Seal. I am very glad, Mr. *Humphrey*, that you agree with me, that it is for our common Good, I ſhould look thoroughly into this Matter, *Humph.*

Humph. I am indeed, of that Opinion; for there is no Artifice, nothing concealed in our Family, which ought in Juſtice to be known; I need not deſire you, Sir, to treat the Lady with Care and Reſpect.

Mr. Seal. Maſter *Humphrey*——I ſhall not be rude, tho' I deſign to be a little abrupt, and come into the Matter at once, to ſee how ſhe will bear, upon a Surpriſe—

Humph. That's the Door; Sir, I wiſh you Succeſs. [*Exit.*

Mr. Seal. ——[*Knocks*] I'll carry this Matter with an Air of Authority, to enquire, tho' I make an Errand to begin Diſcourſe. [*Knocks again, and enter a Foot-boy.*] So young Man! is your Lady within?

Boy. Alack, Sir? I am but a Country Boy—I don't know, whether ſhe is, or noa: but an you'll ſtay a bit, I'il goa, and aſk the Gentlewoman that's with her.

Mr. Seal. Why, Sirrah, tho' you are a Country Boy, you can ſee can't you? you know whether ſhe is at home, when you ſee her, don't you?

Boy. Nay, nay, I'm not ſuch a Country Lad neither, Maſter, to think ſhe is at home becauſe I ſee her: I have been in Town but a Month, and I loſt one Place already, for believing my own Eyes.

Mr. Seal. Why, Sirrah! have you learnt to lie already?

Boy. Ah! Maſter! Things that are Lies in the Country, are not Lies at *London*——I begin to know my Buſineſs a little better than ſo——but an you pleaſe to walk in, I'll call a Gentlewoman to you, that can tell you for certain——ſhe can make bold to aſk my Lady herſelf.

Mr. Seal. O! then, ſhe is within, I find, tho' you dare not ſay ſo.

Boy. Nay, nay! that's neither here or there: what's mattter, whether ſhe is within or no, if ſhe has not a Mind to ſee any Body?

Mr. Seal. I can't tell, Sirrah, whether you are arch, or ſimple, but however get me a direct Anſwer, and here's a Shilling for you.

Boy. Will you pleaſe to walk in, I'll ſee what I can do for you.

Mr. Seal. I ſee you will be fit for your Buſineſs, in Time, Child. But I expect to meet with nothing but Extraordinaries in ſuch a Houſe.

Boy.

Boy. Such a Houſe! Sir, you han't ſeen it yet: Pray walk in.

Mr. Seal. Sir, I'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Indiana's *Houſe.*

Enter Iſabella, *and* Boy.

Iſab So *Daniel!* what News with you?

Boy. Madam there's a Gentleman below wou'd ſpeak with my Lady.

Iſab. Sirrah? don't you know Mr. *Bevil* yet?

Boy Madam, 'tis not the Gentleman who comes every Day, and aſks for you, and won't go in 'till he knows whether you are with her or no.

Iſab. Ha! that's a Particular I did not know before: Well; be it who it will, let him come up to me.

[*Exit* Boy; *and re-enters with Mr.* Sealand.

Iſabella *looks amaz'd!*

Mr. Seal. Madam, I can't blame your being a little ſurpriz'd, to ſee a perfect Stranger make a Viſit, and—

Iſab. I am indeed ſurpriz'd!———I ſee he does not know me.

Mr. Seal You are very prettily lodg'd here, Madam, in troth you ſeem to have every Thing in Plenty——— a Thouſand a Year, I warrant you, upon this pretty Neſt of Rooms, and the dainty one within them.

[*Aſide and looking about.*

Iſab. [*Apart.*] Twenty Years, it ſeems, have leſs Effect in the Alteration of a Man of Thirty, than of a Girl of Fourteen—he's almoſt ſtill the ſame: How ſhall I contain my Surprize and Satisfaction! he muſt not know me yet.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I hope I don't give you any Diſturbance; but there is a young Lady here, with whom I have a particular Buſineſs to diſcourſe, and I hope ſhe will admit me to that Favour.

Iſab. Why, Sir, have you had any Notice concerning her; I wonder who could give it you.

Mr. Seal. That, Madam, is fit only to be communicated to herſelf.

Iſab.

Isab. Well, Sir! you ſhall ſee her: for now I am as a Mother, and will truſt her with you. [*Exit.*

Mr. Seal. As a Mother! right; that's the old Phraſe, for one of thoſe commode Ladies, who lend out Beauty, for Hire, to young Gentlemen that have preſſing Occaſions. But here comes the precious Lady herſelf. In troth a very ſightly Woman———

Enter Indiana.

Ind. I am told, Sir, you have ſome Affair that requires your ſpeaking with me.

Mr. Seal. Yes, Madam: There came to my Hands a Bill drawn by Mr. *Bevil*, which is payable To-morrow; and he, in the Intercourſe of Buſineſs, ſent it to me, who have Caſh of his, and deſired me to ſend a Servant with it; but I have made bold to bring you the Money myſelf.

Ind. Sir! was that neceſſary?

Mr. Seal. No, Madam; but to be free with you, the Fame of your Beauty, and the Regard, which Mr. *Bevil* is a little too well known to have for you! excited my Curioſity.

Ind. Too well known to have for me! Your ſober Appearance, Sir, which my Friend deſcrib'd, made me expect no Rudeneſs, or Abſurdity, at leaſt——Who's there? Sir, if you pay the Money to a Servant, 'twill be as well.

Mr. Seal. Pray, Madam, be not offended? I came hither on an innocent, nay a virtuous Deſign? and, if you will have Patience to hear me, it may be as uſeful to you, as you are in Friendſhip with Mr. *Bevil*, as to my only Daughter, whom I was this Day diſpoſing of.

Ind. You make me hope, Sir, I have miſtaken you: I am compos'd again; be free, ſay on——what I am afraid to hear——— [*Aſide.*

Mr. Seal. I fear'd, indeed, an unwarranted Paſſion here, but I did not think it was in Abuſe of ſo worthy an Object, ſo accompliſh'd a Lady, as your Senſe and Mein beſpeak———but the Youth of our Age care not what Merit and Virtue they bring to Shame, ſo they gratify——

Ind.

Ind. Sir—you are going into very great Errors——but, as you are pleas'd to ſay you ſee ſomething in me that has chang'd, at leaſt, the Colour of your Suſpicions; ſo has your Appearance alter'd mine, and made me earneſtly attentive to what has any Way concern'd you, to enquire into my Affairs, and Character.

Mr. Seal. How ſenſibly! with what an Air ſhe talks!

Ind. Good Sir, be ſeated——and tell me tenderly—keep all your Suſpicions concerning me alive, that you may in a proper and prepared Way ———acquaint me why the Care of your Daughter obliges a Perſon of your ſeeming Worth and Fortune, to be thus inquiſitive about a wretched, helpleſs, friendleſs—[*Weeping.*] But I beg your Pardon———tho' I am an Orphan, your Child is not; and your Concern for her, it ſeems, has brought you hither———I'll be compos'd——— pray go on, Sir.

Mr. Seal. How could Mr. *Bevil* be ſuch a Monſter, to injure ſuch a Woman?

Ind. No, Sir——you wrong him——he has not injured me——my Support is from his Bounty.

Mr. Seal. Bounty! when Gluttons give high Prices for Delicates, they are prodigious bountiful.

Ind. Still, ſtill you will perſiſt in that Error——— But my own Fears tell me all——You are the Gentleman, I ſuppoſe, for whoſe happy Daughter he is deſign'd, a Huſband, by his good Father, and he is to be, perhaps this Night a Bridegroom.

Mr. Seal. I own he was intended ſuch: But Madam, on your Account, I have determin'd to defer my Daughter's Marriage, till I am ſatisfied from your own Mouth, of what Nature are the Obligations you are under to him.

Ind. His Actions, Sir, his Eyes, have only made me think, he deſign'd to make me the Partner of his Heart. The Goodneſs and Gentleneſs of his Demeanour made me miſinterpret all——'Twas my own Hope, my own Paſſion, that deluded me——he never made one amorous Advance to me——His large Heart, and beſtowing Hand, have only help'd the Miſerable. Nor know I why,

why, but from his mere Delight in Virtue, that I have been his Care, the Object on which to indulge and please himself, with pouring Favours.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I know not why it is, but I, as well as you, am methinks afraid of entering into the Matter I came about; but 'tis the same Thing, as if we had talk'd never so distinctly——he ne'er shall have a Daughter of mine.

Ind. If you say this from what you think of me, you wrong yourself and him——Let not me, miserable though I may be, do Injury to my Benefactor——No, Sir, my Treatment ought rather to reconcile you to his Virtues———If to bestow, without a Prospect of Return; if to delight in supporting, what might, perhaps, be thought an Object of Desire, with no other View than to be her Guard against those who would not be so disinterested; if these Actions, Sir, can in a careful Parent's Eye commend him to a Daughter, give yours, Sir; give her to my honest, generous *Bevil*,—What have I to do, but sigh, and weep, to rave, run wild, a Lunatick in Chains, or hid in Darkness, mutter in distracted Starts, and broken Accents, my strange, strange Story!

Mr. Seal. Take Comfort, Madam.

Ind. All my Comfort must be to expostulate in Madness, to relieve with Frenzy my Despair, and shrieking to demand of Fate, why———why was I born to such Variety of Sorrows?

Mr. Seal. If I have been the least Occasion———

Ind. No——'twas Heaven's high Will I should be such ——to be plunder'd in my Cradle! Tos's'd on the Seas! and even there, an Infant Captive! to lose my Mother, hear but of my Father———To be adopted! lose my Adopter! then plunged again in worse Calamities!

Mr. Seal. An Infant Captive!

Ind. Yet then! to find the most Charming of Mankind, once more to set me free, (from what I thought the last Distress) to load me with his Services, his Bounties, and his Favours; to support my very Life, in a way, that stole, at the same time, my very Soul itself from me.

Mr.

Mr. Seal. And has young *Bevil* been this worthy Man?

Ind. Yet then again, this very Man to take another! without leaving me the Right, the Pretence of easing my fond Heart with Tears! For oh! I can't reproach him, though the same Hand that rais'd me to this Height, now throws me down the Precipice.

Mr. Seal. Dear Lady! O yet one Moment's Patience; my Heart grows full with your Affliction? But yet, there's something in your Story that———

Ind. My Portion here is Bitterness, and Sorrow.

Mr. Seal. Do not think so: Pray answer me: Does *Bevil* know your Name and Family?

Ind. Alas! too well! O, could I be any other Thing, than what I am———I'll tear away all Traces of my former self, my little Ornaments, the Remains of my first State, the Hints of what I ought to have been——

[*In her Disorder, she throws away her Bracelet which* Sealand *takes up, and looks earnestly on it.*

Mr. Seal. Ha! what's this? my Eyes are not deceiv'd! It is, it is the same! the very Bracelet which I bequeath'd my Wife, at our last mournful Parting.

Ind. What said you, Sir! Your Wife! Whither does my Fancy carry me? What means this unfelt Motion at my Heart? And yet again my Fortune but deludes me; for if I err not, Sir, your Name is *Sealand:* But my lost Father's Name was———

Mr. Seal. Danvers! was it not?

Ind. What new Amazement! That is indeed my Family.

Mr. Seal. Know then, when my Misfortunes drove me to the *Indies*, for Reasons too tedious now to mention, I chang'd my Name of *Danvers* into *Sealand.*

Enter Isabella.

Isab. If yet there wants an Explanation of your Wonder, examine well this Face (yours, Sir, I well remember) gaze on, and read, in me, your Sister *Isabella!*

Mr. Seal. My Sister!

Isab. But here's a Claim more tender yet———your *Indiana*, Sir, your long-lost Daughter.

Mr.

Mr. Seal. O my Child! my Child!

Ind. All-Gracious! Heav'n! is it poſſible! do I embrace my Father!

Mr. Seal. And do I hold thee—Theſe Paſſions are too ſtrong for Utterance--Riſe, riſe, my Child, and give my Tears their Way——O my Siſter! [*Embracing her.*

Iſab. Now, deareſt Niece, if I have wrong'd thy noble Lover with too hard Suſpicions; my juſt Concern for thee, I hope, will plead my Pardon.

Mr. Seal. O! make him then the full Amends, and be yourſelf the Meſſenger of Joy: Fly this inſtant!—— tell him all theſe wond'rous Turns of Providence in his Favour! Tell him I have now a Daughter to beſtow, which he no longer will decline: That this Day he ſtill ſhall be a Bridegroom: Nor ſhall a Fortune, the Merit which his Father ſeeks, be wanting: Tell him the Reward of all his Virtues waits on his Acceptance. [*Exit* Iſab.] My deareſt *Indiana!* [*Turns and embraces her.*

Ind. Have I then at laſt a Father's Sanction on my Love! His bounteous Hand to give, and make my Heart a preſent worthy of *Bevil*'s Generoſity?

Mr. Seal. O my Child! how are our Sorrows paſt o'er paid by ſuch a Meeting! Though I have loſt ſo many Years of ſoft paternal Dalliance with thee, yet, in one Day to find thee thus, and thus beſtow thee, in ſuch perfect Happineſs! is ample! ample Reparation! And yet again the Merit of thy Lover.

Ind. O! had I Spirits left to tell you of his Actions! the Pride, the Joy of his Alliance, Sir, would warm your Heart, as he has conquer'd mine.

Mr. Seal. How laudable is Love, when born of Virtue! I burn to embrace him———

Ind. See, Sir, my Aunt already has ſucceeded, and brought him to your Wiſhes.

Enter Iſabella, *with* Sir John Bevil, Bevil *jun.* *Mrs.* Sealand, Cimberton, Myrtle, *and* Lucinda.

Sir J. Bev. [*Entering.*] Where! where's this Scene of Wonder!——Mr. *Sealand*, I congratulate, on this Occaſion, our mutual Happineſs——Your good Siſter,

Sir,

Sir, has with the Story of your Daughter's Fortune, fill'd us with Surprize and Joy! Now all Exceptions are remov'd; my Son has now avow'd his Love, and turn'd all former Jealousies and Doubts to Approbation, and, I am told, your Goodness has consented to reward him.

Mr. Seal. If, Sir, a Fortune equal to his Father's Hopes, can make this Object worthy his Acceptance.

Bev. jun. I hear your Mention, Sir, of Fortune, with Pleasure only, as it may prove the Means to reconcile the best of Fathers to my Love—Let him be Provident, but let me be Happy——My ever destin'd, my acknowledg'd Wife! [*Embracing* Indiana.

Ind. Wife!--O my ever loved! my Lord! my Master!

Sir J. Bev. I congratulate myself as well as you, that I have a Son, who could, under such Disadvantages, discover your great Merit.

Mr. Seal. O! Sir *John!* how vain, how weak is human Prudence? What Care, what Foresight, what Imagination could contrive such blest Events, to make our Children happy, as Providence in one short Hour has laid before us?

Cim. [*To* Mrs. *Sealand*] I am afraid, Madam, Mr. *Sealand* is a little too busy for our Affair, if you please we'll take another Opportunity.

Mrs. Seal. Let us have Patience, Sir.
Cim. But we make Sir *Geoffry* wait, Madam.
Myrt. O Sir, I'm not in haste.

} *During this* Bev. jun. *presents* Lucinda *to* Indiana.

Mr. Seal. But here! here's our general Benefactor: Excellent young Man, that could be, at once, a Lover to her Beauty, and a Parent to her Virtue.

Bev. jun. If you think that an Obligation, Sir, give me leave to overpay myself, in the only Instance, that can now add to my Felicity, by begging you to bestow this Lady on Mr. *Myrtle.*

Mr. Seal. She is his without Reserve, (I beg he may be sent for)—Mr. *Cimberton,* notwithstanding you never had my Consent, yet there is, since I last saw you, another Objection to your Marriage with my Daughter.

Cim. I hope, Sir, your Lady has conceal'd nothing from me?

Mr.

Mr. Seal. Troth, Sir! nothing but what was conceal'd from myſelf; another Daughter, who has an undoubted Title to half my Eſtate.

Cim. How! Mr. *Sealand!* Why then if half Mrs. *Lucinda*'s Fortune is gone, you can't ſay, that any of my Eſtate is ſettled upon her: I was in Treaty for the Whole; but if that is not to be come at, to be ſure, there can be no Bargain,--Sir,—I have nothing to do but to take my leave of your good Lady, my Couſin, and beg Pardon for the Trouble I have given this old Gentleman.

Myrt. That you have, Mr. *Cimberton*, with all my Heart. [*Diſcovers himſelf.*

Omnes. Mr. *Myrtle!*

Myrt. And I beg Pardon of the whole Company, that I aſſumed the Perſon of Sir *Geoffry*, only to be preſent at the Danger of this Lady's being diſpoſed of, and in her utmoſt Exigence to aſſert my Right to her: Which if her Parents will ratify, as they once favour'd my Pretenſions, no Abatement of Fortune ſhall leſſen her Value to me.

Luc. Generous Man!

Mr. Seal. If, Sir, you can overlook the Injury of being in Treaty with one who has meanly left her, as you have generouſly aſſerted your Right in her, ſhe is Yours.

Luc. Mr. *Myrtle*, Tho' you have ever had my Heart, yet now I find I love you more, becauſe I bring you leſs.

Mrs. Seal. Well! however I'm glad the Girl's diſpoſed of any Way. [*Aſide.*

Bev. jun. Myrtle! no longer Rivals now, but Brothers.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil!* you are born to triumph over me! but now our Competition ceaſes; I rejoice in the Preheminence of your Virtue, and your Alliance adds Charms to *Lucinda.*

Sir J. Bev. Now Ladies and Gentlemen, you have ſet the World a fair Example: Your Happineſs is owing to your Conſtancy and Merit: And the ſeveral Difficulties you have ſtruggled with, evidently ſhew

Whate'er the generous Mind itſelf denies,
The ſecret Care of Providence ſupplies. [*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. *WELSTED.*

Intended to be Spoken by INDIANA.

OUR Authors, whom Intreaties cannot move,
Spite of the dear Coquetry that you love,
Swears he'll not fruſtrate (ſo he plainly means)
By a looſe Epilogue, his indecent Scenes.
Is it not, Sirs, hard Fate I meet To-day,
To keep me rigid ſtill, beyond the Play?
And yet, I'm ſav'd a world of Pains that Way:
I now can look, I now can move at Eaſe,
Nor need I torture theſe poor Limbs to pleaſe;
Nor with the Hand or Foot attempt Surprize,
Nor wreſt my Features, nor fatigue my Eyes:
Bleſs me! What freakiſh Gambols have I play'd!
What Motions try'd, and wanton Looks betray'd!
Out of pure Kindneſs all! to over-rule
The threaten'd Hiſs, and ſcreen ſome ſcribbling Fool,
With more Reſpect I'm entertain'd To-night:
Our Author thinks, I can with Eaſe delight.
My artleſs Looks while modeſt Graces arm,
He ſays, I need but to appear; and charm.
A Wife ſo form'd by theſe Examples bred,
Pours Joy and Gladneſs 'round the Marriage Bed;
Soft Source of Comfort, kind Relief from Care,
And 'tis her leaſt Perfection to be fair.
The Nymph with Indiana's *Worth who vies,*
A Nation will behold with Bevil's *Eyes.*

FINIS.

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